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MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

THIS, our Oldest, living Magazine, established by Sir Richard Phillips, A. D. 1796, has once more changed Proprietors and Editor. That the persons now responsible, *would* be so, was not decided until the 15th of the month. *We*, Editorially speaking, thought on many a brother of the pen, whose acknowledged and varied talents would, we knew, be readily devoted to assist us; but, should he, or rather should *they*, have at hand no articles suiting our *plan*, would there be *time* for them, with their other engagements, to write such, for "our Opening day?" From this *plan* of ours, (soon to be explained,) we resolved that private friendship should never tempt us; nor a *chef d'œuvre* of Genius, backed by Literature's greatest Name, presented gratuitously, bribe us to alter our *Medean* Laws; but these were not made in a day.

It had, for many years, been our ambition to exert undivided control over a Magazine; we had often settled every item of our day-dream periodical, with all the delight that such fancies give, but with mature judgment, or "Time has thinned our flowing locks"—in vain. Yet, *could* this be realized in a work, the popularity and circulation of which was not *now*—what it *had* been; we will make no invidious remarks on fallen dynasties. "Let by-gones *be* by-gones!" We shall never, by *unhandsome* means, remind *our* Readers of things destined to be forgotten, and such as it were *charitable* to forget at once.

Thus we begin our Series with new *contributors*, also; not new to the public, nor *new* in the *greenness of youth*! We had felt our disadvantages, in commencing this task, with natural solicitude; but our proprietors are gentlemen of liberal views,

yet of strict integrity; prompt and punctual, in *their* departments. We were, therefore, shortly able to enlist in our band a *few* authors, not so erudite as to be unintelligible, nor yet such as put *poor* little *Cleverness* into "(slip-)slop clothing."

Some vigorous, patriotic, recruits offered to serve under *the old Soldier*, as gentlemen Volunteers, for glory, not for "*present* pay."

And now to our *Plan of operations*! Let Newspapers furnish the town with the dry, irritating details of Party strife; the Personalities of mere Creedists. A Magazine appears, to *us*, no fit vehicle for *any* dull, sordid, or unpleasing matters. We determine to admit *no* papers, however brilliant, containing a line, a *word*, directly or *indirectly* hostile to the Conservative Principles in which the Editor was trained, and, afterwards, conscientiously *chose*.

All who know him are aware that he deviated not from them,

"In wealth, or in adversity;"

whoe'er might hold Parliamentary Power. *This* sort of Toryism inevitably includes, and is sustained by, a *reverence* for Church of England Christianity. No sneers against that source of all that is at once tender, pure, and firm, in sentiments or actions, shall pollute *our* pages. Yet, as it *were* impertinent, and *is* impossible, for us to read the *hearts* of our Correspondents, uncongenial ones need but be content to transmit tale, essay, poem, which allude *not* to these subjects, but deal with our *common nature*, mutual feelings, with themes of universal, or even *general* interest, and their works shall be welcome, if, in other respects, worthy.

To awaken healthful sympathies, *openly* to attack Sin, Ignorance, and Folly, a *sincere and earnest, though lively manner*, is always best. An *ironical* one sometimes so obscures all *meaning*, that it is difficult to guess whether the votary of that anti-national phrase, and habit, *Persiflage*, is the opponent, or the advocate of such a vice, or such a virtue. We can have no Equivocators with Truth amongst us. Nor can we countenance the Genius who would permit his Humour or Pathos, Reasonings or Satire, to be tainted by immorality, or indelicate tastes. These faults, in impassioned and exaggerated, as in morbid and lachrymose effusions, are dangerous to the *young*,

especially of the *gentle* sex: as we would proudly help to chasten and to cheer, we shall take care that, from *our Magazine*, issue no *unwholesome* sweets.

One of our objects being, if possible, to revive a proper zest for Classic, Standard English, we must risk another remark, of anticipative Criticism.

In the Dialogues of a Story, some low, comic character, not often seen, nor ever prominent, *may* speak *very* "colloquially," as is now said of those who write any conventional, commonplace, hackneyed idioms, which they are wont to use, and hear used, for idle chat. In *another* Tales Personæ, some *Tiger*, rarely visible, or some Shop-boy, kept much "*behind* the counter," *may*, when heard, talk a little "Young London" *patois*. But an author's *own* descriptions, &c. should add the effect of *contrast* to these barbarisms, and, by being, at least, grammatically accurate, evince the pains-taking care, without which *no* one can arrive at *real* excellence, however richly endowed by nature; and easy as it is for *some* pretenders to extort, from vulgar minds, an overpaid, but *Fleeting* Notoriety.

If the Editor seem to have little individual right thus to *preach*, he can only add, as his excuse, that late in life, (comparatively,) as it was, when *he* first strove to please by—"grey goose quill," he has, ever since, laboured to *improve*.

To all Candidates for Places under *our* Government, we promise an unprejudiced, and attentive perusal of their MSS., with knowledge of the Editorial fiat, in a short, but due time.

A few words as to Reviews. For Music we will secure an able, yet indulgent Judge; not *professing* to comprehend that fascinating science, and *too* fashionable "Accomplishment," ourselves.

On the Fine Arts and Drama, we *will* be "*Impartial*." We are *Independent* of Publishers, great or small, friends or foes. Should they send us their Books, Engravings, &c., we must be *just*; should they *not*—we *can* procure a sight of such works, and were no *more severe* than we should have been in the *other* case, though the writers might dissent from ourselves, in Politics or Religion. But the present nauseous schools of *Fashionable*, and of *Slang* Novels, shall meet castigation, whenever we *can* lay on the lash.

Should we, which is most improbable, be too much occupied for executing *all* a Number's Reviews, our Representative shall be some person quite *as* competent to the Office.

It were "the Devil's darling vice," "Pride that apes humility," it were ingratitude, to boot, for a long-praised Author, and more privately complimented *Amateur* draftsman, to expunge that "*As*." Self *flattery*, here, would be impolitic, and ridiculous; our *First* Number, we hope, will *prove* that ours are no *empty* boasts.

The Superficialist,

"Aware of nothing arduous in a task  
He never undertook,"

may hurl his sweeping severities, or pour his fulsome adulation, on things of which he *knows*—next to nothing. We retain the old-fashioned opinion, that *rational encouragement* is the right mode of *correcting* such aspirants for fame as *are* inspired with powers to *merit* it.

Nearly three years' active Editorial experience, on "The *New Monthly*," taught us that it is as impossible to satisfy every one, in conducting a Magazine, as in life's more serious duties; but courtesy can rob censure and rejection of half their stings, unless a *beginner* be inordinately *vain*; while an eulogist, who betrays the fact of having scarcely *skimmed* the be-lauded work, insults an author's parental feeling, and good sense.

Memoirs of distinguished men, and *Morceaux*, from old, or little known scribes; an *occasional comment* on any interesting event, in Town or Country, will vary, and *complete*—our "Plan."

Those who have kindly laughed over our *own* light pages, would, we are certain, rally to our aid, did they know how much we *depend*, for *genuine* Mirth, on the doom of the "Monthly." But *we* would fain owe our rise to *Public approval*; and, with a sincere zeal for the harmless entertainment of our Readers, will *not* despair of support.

London, December, 1841.

## Ode to the New Year.

PHŒNIX of Time !  
 That, from thy sire,  
 Risest amain,  
 His age—thy prime—  
 His ashes—thy bright fire—  
 His loss—thy surest gain.

Thou Annual Wandering Jew !  
 And Boy—called Peep O'Day !  
 That breakfasts at the " Rising Sun,"  
 And then, with spirits gay,  
 Thy pilgrimage begun,  
 Beckons the crew of Months—  
 To follow in thy train,  
 Till ended all their days,  
 Poor souls !  
 Thou tak'st thine own  
 Grilled bone alone,  
 Called o'er the coals,  
 Departest in a blaze,  
 Leaving a son, again  
 To reign.

How it must cheer thee in thy twelve months' life,  
 And aid thee in thine anxious, vital tour,  
 To note the various scenes—of Love and Strife,  
 That gleam their sunshine, or their showers pour,  
 The passion-clouds that shadow o'er our path,  
 Save where there pierces through a friendly ray,

Such as a Link Boy hath,  
Or Gas imparts  
To lighten heavy hearts,  
Upon their way!—


Bright is thy progress as the hand that marks  
Time's reckoning on illuminated clocks,  
As, January by thy side,  
Thou watchest skate and slide  
Of shivering sparks,  
In "Taglioni" frocks,  
Or furs of beasts, like Vandals,  
Cutting "Spread Eagles" on the ice, or "making candles;"  
'Till February, in a melting tone,  
Just breaks the ice, and all the scene is gone.

Clad in a Macintosh,  
And stout goloshes,  
An umbrella for his crown,  
A Water-spout his sceptre, how he reigns!  
His word is—"SLOSH!"  
Damp-nation is his dread command,  
There's not a Coach upon the "stand,"  
All, and every thing he washes,  
And London Town,  
Oh, sad, inevitable disgrace!  
Sinks to a common "Watering Place."

Now March, the Bully of the monthly dozen,  
Dry, but not facetious,  
Blusters along the streets,  
Hard, nipping, and capricious;  
"Blowing up" all he meets;  
Father, Friend, or Cousin!  
He's like an Auctioneer, a Word—a Blow,  
His Catalogue's a Catalogue of Woe,  
And "Lots" go off,  
Knocked down by what's knocked down to them—a cough;

Thus at the best  
We find  
"Affections of the Chest"  
Oft spring from too much "Raising of the Wind."

But weeping April sees him to the tomb,  
And, laughing through his tears,  
Cries out, "'twas time to 'March!'"  
Then, on the gloom  
Of Earth, she rears  
Her dazzling and triumphant "Rainbow" Arch,  
And flowers spring up and catch its various dye,  
And there goes forth a form, and cry  
"Who'll be the Queen of Flowers?" they say—  
*She* quickly answers "I,—I *May!*"

Welcome, fair Queen!  
That, on the human heart  
Presseth thy perfumed hand,  
Bidding it be serene,  
Garland'st the brow of thought,  
With thy sweet flowers,   
And, with thy magic wand,  
And fascinating art,  
From Heaven caught,  
Call'st smiling Nature to her sweetest bowers.

Now June, hot-headed, amorous, and gay,  
Wears out his life.  
July and August, with a warmer day,  
And warmer blessings rife,  
Fade into Summer-dreams,  
Like Evening sunny beams,  
That leave a gilded radiance on the sky,  
Of the fair day that *was*—but now's gone by!  
Too soon their glittering course is run,  
Brought down by old September's gun!

Mark how the denizens of air  
 Shy at his "Manton!"  
 The Hare (and *many Foes*)  
 Skulkingly goes,  
 To pant on—  
 Where, possibly, some spryng  
 Turns its poor life, upon the hinge,  
 And shuts Death's door  
 Upon the humble creature "on all four."

Then Nature wars in town  
 October in her rear,  
 November and December,  
 Lay some upon their bier,  
 And thee upon thine ember,  
 Bereft of days and friends, thy tale is told,  
*A worn out Gentleman, just twelve months' old!*

Still thou may'st rate thy Deeds  
 Gems of experience prime,  
 And hang them, like strung beads,  
 A Rosary, on the neck of Time.  
 Show how each month and season act their part  
 And influence the passions,  
 And the fashions,  
 Of the human heart.  
 How that "Oasis" of the desert breast  
 Is but a "*mirage*" of the mind,  
 Or hath its rest  
 Upon foundations firm, and kind.  
 Give to Your succeeding One  
 A Souvenir  
 What he should follow, and what shun!  
 But ah! I fear  
 'Twere useless pother—  
 'Twould go in at one Year  
 And out at t'other.—

W. R. V.

## THE SPECULATOR IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

A SKETCH, BY R. B. PEAKE.

"That's the ticket."—(*Slang Dictionary.*)

You will scarcely credit an occurrence which happened to me about thirty-eight years ago, but a narrative of the event will prove from what a minute cause may arise a circumstance of importance.

I was, at the time, a purser in the navy: I had been fortunate during the war, in being employed in several lucky frigates; and my shares of prize money amounted to a considerable sum. This sum I had entrusted into the hands of my brother-in-law, who was managing partner of a country bank, and he paid me the interest on it; he was also my general agent.

We had been paid off at Portsmouth, from the E\*\*\*\*\* frigate; my accounts had been passed at the Admiralty; and I determined to indulge myself, after having been several years afloat, with a visit to my married sister, and her good husband, the banker.

She loved, and he esteemed me; and their merry-eyed boys and girls were delighted to welcome their uncle, who had never ceased to recollect them, in his various voyages in the different parts of the globe.

The purser always knows where to find the articles that are most acceptable to his friends, on his return to his native country; depend on it, his jars of preserved ginger are the best preserved; his Martinique, his *Crème de Noyeau*, his glass case of stuffed humming birds, his Chinese screens, and carved *ivory and ebony boxes*, his packages of candied fruits from the Azores, his quarter casks of first-rate Madeira, and his smuggled flat bottles of the finest Schiedam, all create never-to-be-forgotten agreeable sensations to the family, old and young.

My brother-in-law, the banker, had bought for each of his boys a pony; of which they were not a little proud, so they were in the daily habit of equestrianizing it; but the surveyors of the roads had so well arranged matters, that ride which way you would out of the town of B\*\*\*\*\*, you were certain to be stopped by a turnpike. The boys at first grumbled at this, as making inroads to their pocket money; but as their father, with his business-like habits, always desired to have a cheque for cash paid, the turnpike tickets were invariably brought home, and were given in charge to a younger sister, who had what she called "a *collection* of gate tickets," which she had tied up in bundles. I have been thus minute on this childish incident, because it, with other circumstances, led me into an adventure which made me a speculator in spite of myself.

After passing three months most agreeably with my relatives, my brother-in-law informed me, that an estate was to be sold in the next county, on most advantageous terms; the value of which he well knew; and earnestly advised me to embark my money as purchaser: as I was convinced of his sincerity, I determined to follow his advice.

The cash required was £5000, and it was the *immediate* want of money that caused the estate to be sold such a bargain. £4500 was to be paid down, and the remaining £500 in a twelvemonth.

I was in the office of the banking house, on the morning I was to start, per coach, to see this estate, (which had already been fully approved of by our surveyor,) and effect the purchase. I had drawn my cheque, and my brother-in-law was handing me over the bank notes, when three persons, who were in the office on business, (perfect strangers to me,) saw the large sum placed in my pocket-book.

I took an affectionate leave of my nephews, and on kissing my little niece, she said, "Uncle, I have put something in your great coat pocket that will be very useful to you on the road." I thanked the pretty pet, and started for the coach. On getting into which, I discovered that the three persons whom I had seen in the banking house, were to be my fellow passengers.

From the circumstance of having traversed a great part of the globe, I had imagined, that I could at a glance almost guess the profession or pursuit of any person with whom I came in contact. But these three strangers puzzled me. They had not the air of lawyers, nor manufacturers, nor horse-dealers: they were not travelling for pleasure, for there was a restless anxiety of eye, as to some forthcoming event; and I thought that, ever and anon, they regarded me with a species of suspicion. They were exceedingly reserved in their conversation; and once or twice, the fattest and eldest of the three referred to some slips of paper, on which a number of calculations were figured.

About twenty miles from the town whence we started, the coach pulled up at a turnpike gate—over the door of the wooden toll-house was affixed a little square board with the name of the gate keeper on it, "BEN. BOXALL."

The name was very familiar to me, for a Ben. Boxall had been a sort of servant of mine on board ship, ten years before; but having had his leg shot off in an action with the enemy, he obtained his discharge, was an out-pensioner of Greenwich; but, it appears, had since procured the situation of a turnpikeman: for the moment he saw me, he came stumping up to the coach door with his wooden leg, and with his eyes glistening with delight, exclaimed—

"Why, Lord bless me, if here a'n't my old master: Lord, sir, how well you look; how glad I am to see you, sir. I served you some years, sir,—I know you won't be above giving old Ben. Boxall a shake by the hand: d'ye remember Dover Roads, sir. Are you going to take anything down this way, sir—I hope you are, sir—for then I shall often see you, for I'm a fixture at this gate."—As the coach went on, I had not a word to answer, and Ben. hallooed out, "Good b'ye, master,—I hope you are coming on this road."

I now saw the three strangers exchange very significant glances with each other, but which I could not in the least comprehend; and the fat gentleman folded up his calculation hastily, and inserted it in a pocket-book—with an embarrassed air he tried to whistle, but failed.

Poor Ben. Boxall's allusion to Dover Roads, appertained to the

circumstance, that when, after the amputation of his leg, and he was enabled to leave his berth, he passed a few hours a day in my cabin, where he got some little niceties, that the general allowance of the ship could not have afforded him, and for which he was very grateful; and this occurred when we arrived, some time after the action, in Dover Roads.

At this moment I wanted to take out a handkerchief I knew I had placed in the pocket of my great coat; but something stuck in the corner. Pulling the end of the handkerchief with force, out flew a packet of turnpike tickets—tied up—some of the fragile fastenings of which giving way—the small thin printed papers flew over the persons of my three fellow passengers.

My little niece, in her simplicity, had imagined, as I was about to travel, that the turnpike tickets would be of great use to me; not being aware that the article, like the ephemeron worm, exists but for a day.

The looks between the three fellow passengers were now becoming extremely portentous. The fat and bilious gentleman's under eyelids turned of a deep yellow ochre colour. My curiosity being excited, I resolved to watch cautiously.

Although we had all, for some unknown cause, been exceedingly reserved in the coach, the hour of dinner arrived, and we stopped at a principal inn, where you have to eat by time, and engender indigestion.

A roasted shoulder of veal rather underdone, and some very highly smoked and hard bacon, were not the species of solids recommended by the faculty to produce the *fibrine*, which furnishes a large proportion of chyle, and leaves little or no *residuum*, so that the dinner, which had it been a good one, might have opened our mouths, was ineffective; until a glass or two of sherry untied the fat gentleman's tongue. In a rather embarrassed manner he addressed me—

"Business, I suppose, brings you down this road, sir?"

"Yes, sir—"

"Did you find the Dover Roads answer, sir?" said he.

Rather puzzled at the question, I carelessly replied, "The Dover Roads always answered my purpose."

"So long as you were embarked in them?"

"Precisely so," said I. (I had been embarked in them, often enough.)

"I beg your pardon, sir, but are you going on to A\*\*\*\*\*?"

"I am, sir."

"It is a very rude question, and I ought to apologize for it . . . but might I venture (as I have a particular reason) to ask the nature of your business at A\*\*\*\*\*?"

I did not like this query, but merely answered, "Why, sir, it is probably the same business that has brought others."

All three looked very blank, and sipped their wine hastily. For the life of me, I could not make them out. I began to think, have these persons heard of my bargain with the estate, and are going to try to outbid me? . . . no . . . that cannot be . . . the affair has proceeded too far for that . . .

Here we were summoned by the coachman, to mount the vehicle

and continue our journey; and I had not long been seated, when, I suppose from the effects of some rather potent ale I had partaken of at dinner, I fell asleep, and have no doubt snored loudly: a jolt of the coach awoke me thoroughly, although I did not open my eyes, but I distinctly heard the fat person say, in a whisper—

“No, he is fast as a church: you saw his acquaintance with the turnpike man—look at the number of tickets he had in his pocket: he drew £4500 out of the bank; he will *do us* for a certainty.”

Of course, I was very fast asleep, now.—So I listened without moving a muscle, though I had not the slightest idea what it all meant.

“What do you say to it, Robinson?” inquired the fat person.

“Why, Mr. Brown, I think as you do. Here we imagined we had the field all to ourselves: it is devilish unlucky. Grimstone is laid up with the gout; we are sure he cannot come down to bid; and as for the Jews—they be d—d—they will never come up to our terms. Let them stick to their Whitechapel and Shoreditch concerns. If we should lose this opportunity, it will be a bad day’s work for the firm of Brown, Jones, and Robinson—it will be hundreds and hundreds out of our pockets.”

Mr. Jones, who had not hitherto spoken, muttered something about “a sprat,” and “a herring.”

“Well, what will you go to?” asked Mr. Brown.

“It will be perfectly worth while,” remarked Robinson.

“Well—watch where *he goes to* . . . and, to-morrow we may try it on.”

“What a pity,” exclaimed Jones, “as we are sure the Act will pass for altering the London road, our way; and then the charter for the new market at K\*\*\*\*. It is worth double the old contract . . .”

“You shall go and negotiate in the morning, Robinson,” said Mr. Brown.

“Depend on it, I’ll manage him dexterously, as sure as my name is Jack Robinson.”

Now after hearing tolerably distinctly all this, I confess myself to have been so obtuse, that I was not an atom nearer the mark of comprehending the business, or motives of Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

I had some confused notion (mixed with the strong ale) that I had before heard the three names mentioned together . . . but I afterwards recollected that it was only in an early school book by the ingenious Mr. Dilworth, wherein it was related that three striplings, called BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON, went to bathe without permission of their tutor, and some of them were drowned, and some of them flogged. This did not bring me a bit nearer, and I now began to feel a little feverish.

On the coach arriving at its destination, Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, went into the inn. My brother-in-law had advised me to take up my quarters in a hotel at another part of the town, to which I proceeded, accompanied by a porter with my luggage; turning my head, I perceived, although it was now dusk, Mr. Robinson dodging after me; (what could he want?) and after he had satisfied himself as to where I was to be lodged for the night, he mysteriously retired.

I had worked myself gradually up to a pitch of excitement, during the whole day, in my conjectures as to what way I appeared to be implicated in the affairs of these strange people. When the waiter brought in my supper, I ventured to inquire if he knew the firm of Brown, Jones, and Robinson? He replied, he did not understand what I meant by "firm,"—that "there was a pastry cook of the name of Brown in the next street . . . Mr. Jones was a horse-doctor, and a Mrs. Robinson kept a preparatory school for young gentlemen, from the age of three to eight, in Prospect Place."

This information, of course, did not in any way aid to clear up my doubts.

I retired to bed; slept uneasily; dreamt that Brown, Jones, and Robinson came into my room, and while the two latter held me down, corpulent Mr. Brown rifled me of my £4500;—I awoke, supposing that he was kneeling on my chest. I arose struggling, aimed a violent blow, and knocked down a clothes horse by the side of the bed; on picking up the *clothes horse*, found that I had only been troubled with the *nightmare*! It was that second tin full of toasted cheese!

I arose in the morning, with the headache, and unrefreshed. Amused myself during breakfast with the county paper, various auction bills, &c. &c. on the tables of my room;—one large posting bill attracted my observation; the wording of it ran thus:—

*"The Commissioners of the K\*\*\*\*\* District Roads, hereby give notice, that on Friday, the 1st day of June, 1803, they will hold a Board at the Horse and Dolphin Inn, to receive tenders for renting the Tolls of the various gates and bars of the said district, together with the WHITE ROADS . . ."*

Here I paused a moment. THE WHITE ROADS was the name of the little estate which I was about to purchase on such advantageous terms: I began to feel biliously uneasy. Were Brown, Jones, and Robinson, going to pluck the feather out of my nest? It was *three* to *one*, too!

I hastened my breakfast, determining to be first with the solicitor, who was agent for WHITE ROADS; I had popped on my hat and gloves—when the waiter opening the door, announced, "Mr. Robinson." I perceived myself to turn red, and then pale, in the looking-glass. But I offered Mr. Robinson a chair.

He begged my pardon for the intrusion, but had a matter of negotiation to open in the name of himself and partners, the firm of Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

"Proceed, sir," said I, assuming as much self-possession as I possibly could.

Mr. Robinson went on—"We are perfectly aware of your intentions, sir, and I am disposed to think that it will save a great deal of trouble, and an useless outlay of capital, if you and I (on the part of the firm of Brown, Jones, and Robinson) could bring matters to an accommodation."

"Accommodation, sir! what do you mean by an accommodation?—Do you in any way allude to the WHITE ROADS?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Robinson; "the WHITE ROADS is included in the contract."

"That is very strange," replied I, "for I have already signed an agreement touching the WHITE ROADS."

"The deuce you have;" answered Mr. Robinson, rather staggered, and his eye glanced on the posting bill on the table before him: "Then," added he, "there is some underhand work going on here; for the whole affair is to be open to public competition; I detest private jobbing."

I declared myself as much an enemy to private jobbing as he might be.

"Doubtless, sir, doubtless," replied Robinson, doggedly: but assuming a bland smile, he said, "Come, sir, let us immediately understand each other. Will the sum of two hundred pounds, instantly paid down to you, induce you to leave the town?"

I bethought me of my bargain of the estate: and answered, "Certainly not, sir."

"Three hundred, my dear sir," said Mr. Robinson.

I shook my head determinedly.

"Come, I will go to four," said Robinson, with a look, as much as to say, "There, you cannot withstand that!" I merely remarked that I had perfectly made up my mind on the business.

Robinson then pulled out a paper, ready drawn up, and handed it over to me. He paused, gave a loud hem, and in a low tone said, "Come, let us bring this matter to a close. If you will sign this paper, we will give you five hundred pounds—There!"

And he pulled out a bundle of new bank notes. I silently read the paper; it was merely to the effect "*that I was to undertake not to bid for the tolls of the gates and bars on and appertaining to the K\*\*\*\*\* District Roads; and on that condition, also, that I should quit the town in the course of the present day, I was to be paid the sum of Five Hundred Pounds.*"

I was dumb-founded: but I preserved my self-possession. I candidly own to a "NIP-CHEESE" feeling coming over me; but I could not see any dishonesty in the transaction on my part. It was the sum of five hundred pounds, thrust under my very nose: I had not, in the slightest degree, sought the affair: I replied, after a thoughtful pause, "Well, sir, I agree to your proposition."

Mr. Robinson rang the bell for the inkstand; I thought the waiter was an hour coming with it: at length he came; but the ink was dried up, and he brought such a skewer of a pen, that it would not make a mark; Robinson angrily ordered him to fetch another pen and ink: I was on tenter-hooks, and thought of the old proverb, "*inter poculum et labra.*"

"You never can get a good pen in an inn—I think they stir the negus, and take dead flies out of the beer with them. They have decidedly been oiling the jack with the feather of this quill," remarked Robinson.

I cannot tell what was my answer to this ingenious suggestion: but my eyes were ravenously devouring the bank notes.

The waiter re-appeared, with his mistress's own writing apparatus—a large piece of cotton sopped in the ink: however, I contrived to affix my signature to the agreement—and which was duly witnessed by the

waiter. When the latter had left the room, Mr. Robinson pushed the £500 towards me, and said—

“There, sir; that settles the business; and permit me, in my own name, and in those of my partners, to thank you for the very gentlemanly and straight-forward manner in which you have met our wishes in the affair.”

“It is the best course, Mr. Robinson,” said I, complacently, and putting the notes into my pocket-book.

“There is one little thing more,” added he, “which is, that you will please to leave the town to-day.”

“Certainly, Mr. Robinson, by this afternoon’s coach.”

We shook hands, and parted with each other, in the most friendly manner possible.

Well! I had not made a bad morning’s work: and as I thought that I had gained £500 very easily, I determined, in case of accidents, that I would at once invest it;—so I made my way to the solicitor, who was agent for the White Roods estate, paid him my own £4500, and the additional £500 of my kind friends, Messrs. Brown, Jones, and Robinson.

I then received the title deeds, (which had been before examined,) and took possession of a lovely little property. And I beg with all due humility to say, that I should not have the slightest objection to be dexterously *managed* in the same way, by Jack Robinson, twice or thrice a year.

Mounting the coach to return—I saw Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson standing together at the inn door: we all politely took off our hats: here was liberal courtesy. I was particularly civil; but very glad when the coach drove off. And this liberality arose entirely from my little niece’s packet of turnpike tickets, my accidental rencontre with Ben. Boxall, and his remark on *Dover Roads*.

In the following week, I read a paragraph in “The County Chronicle and General Advertiser:”—

*“On Friday, the 1st of June, at an annual meeting of the Commissioners of the K\*\*\*\*\* District Roads, on the tenders being opened for the contract of the Tolls at the different bars and gates thereof, they were declared to be leased to Messrs. Samuel and Moses Levy. The offer of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, was understood to be considerably below that of the above mentioned gentlemen; who are supposed, nevertheless, to have made a very advantageous bargain.”*

Thus ended my adventure with

BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON;

wherein I was made a Speculator in spite of Myself!

## KINDRED MEADS.

BY ISABEL HILL.

— “ *Master we are SEVEN !* ” — WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON the borders of Berkshire is a pretty, fertile spot, which, up to the end of last Century, was still, by some Old rustics, called, inappropriately, it seemed at first hearing, “The Meads;” for it included no irrigated fields; though a rapid brook ran at the foot of its wooded hill. On a flat, in advance of the stream, *had* stood, facing what was *once* a well-frequented road, a rather low, irregular, galleried old building, which formed three sides of a spacious quadrangle; its out-offices, with pointed roofs, lying scattered at the opening. These stables and granaries made the whole look like a Hostel, of good repute; but a trim garden and fruitful orchard gave it rather the aspect of a Farm; passers by saw, through each lattice, such appliances for quiet comfort that they rightly guessed it to be an English Home. A long green lane approached its flower-beds from the back. This estate, in the year 1594, was known as “Kindred’s;” *why* the following legend will explain; spite some improbabilities possibly as authentic as many a more formal and credited history.

One Vernal forenoon there rested, in the said lane, a man, who seemed to have walked some miles; for his simple sad-coloured suit was dusty; his broad, high forehead damp; yet no trace of painful fatigue disturbed his regular features, nor clouded his full, soft, steadfast eyes. Sometimes he hummed scraps of Song, sometimes talked to himself, then frowned, next smiled, anon sighed; yet with a sort of composure too deep for any one to imagine his mind diseased.

At his age and station, it would not have been easy to guess; yet it had been safe to say that he was one whose affections were in their vigorous prime, and whose means sufficed for his natural tastes. As he sat under the gently waving trees, he heard the cry of an Infant, and, looking up, beheld, in the arms of a decent Nurse, a yearling humanity, its chin dripping with tears and mother’s milk.

“Poor babe!” quoth the stranger to its bearer, “is’t sick?”

“Nay, forsooth,” returned the dame, “only overfed, sir; lusty enough to drown *my* voice, I warrant; be still, Wat, while I make that mecher hear. Why, Henry, Hal Fenton, come on, thou truant!”

“I am *here*, Nel,” drawled a Boy, about his tenth birthday, lounging towards her, with a heavy book-bag at his shoulder; his pretty face doubly fresh from a recent cold bath, and tears of self-pity.

“*Here*, child?” said the domestic, “but thou shouldst be *there*, by this time. Evermore a laggard! hast no love of Learning in thee?”

“Not I,” he replied, indifferently.

His candour extorted a melodious laugh from the wayfarer. A blush mantled on the stripling’s dimples. He corrected himself.

“I mean, sir, stiff ways, hard words, and floggings like me not; if

I might learn at home, of cousin Edmund, he is far wiser than my old teacher—”

“Tut, how shouldst *thou* know?” broke in Elinor; “is it for *thee* to choose thine own masters? No, truly, nor for Edmund neither. He would not *have* thee for a scholar; if he would he’d spoil thee, every way; his elders intend him not for a mere Clerk, nor a Love-ballad-maker, to please thy sister, nor a frequenter of shows, nor a follower of mountebanks; an’ *he* hath not his will, why should’st thou have thine? But, fare ye well, Sir; I must lead this young horse to water.”

“If you have *far* to lead him, I promise you water enough, Nurse,” observed the new comer seriously, though winking aside at Harry; “that is, if we have rain, perchance thunder, in ten minutes, or less, which may last long, too—”

“Save ye, Sir, why there is not a cloud in the sky,” crowed Nelly.

“Well,” he persevered, “proceed with thy charges. *I* may have studied the Planets for nought. *I* may *not* be a Dramatical, metrical, histrionic, prophetic-magical soothsayer. *I* may never have had visions, raised spirits, called the dead to life, danced with fays, fought with demons, crushed—or—scared to dumbness—Earth’s most malicious, loathsome Monster; then soared into the God of Nature’s pure, bright Air, with the very Spirit-star of Liberty, mine ever gracious—”

“Hold, sir, a God’s name,” cried the perplexed woman, curtseying, “if you be all that, and these bantlings should get wet now—”

“Which, of a surety, we shall,” tittered Harry, “and then who will be rated, if dear little Walter ails? I’m nothing to nobody, save sister Kate. Come in with me, you kind grammatical meteor-historical gentleman and say, Heaven’s own will hath settled that I am not to go to school to-day.”

“Apt chance for a School boy,” laughed the stranger, “the scribe I see in yon arbour mine art informs me is one Edmund Mead, who will let me share its bench.”

“And welcome!” coincided Elinor; “a civil, pleasant lad, Sir, shall you find Ned Mead.”

As she followed the liberty-loving Hal, the mischievous humorist of his mood stepped towards the bower, in which sat a comely youth, at the end of his teens, or beginning of his twenties, who read aloud, as he wrote—

“The arch of heaven is fair, *my* bow is dark,  
Though it be bent against celestial light.  
Lovelier, oh Juno, than thine Iris arc,  
The envied black that clips so pure a white—  
My burning sighs, despairing, e’en while joy—”

Here pausing, he raised his glances towards the sun, as if for inspiration, and saw our unknown gazing upon him. He started up, bowed, and stood in silence before this intruder, who said mildly—

“Your pardon, Sir Poet! may I crave a seat in your nest?”

“I pray you take one, worthy Master,” returned the amorous Ballad maker.

"Yet if I interrupt—"

"No, Sir, I am, alas! an idler, who came hither but to rid those of my sight in whose eyes I am unwelcome."

"Can there be any such? and, if so, *why*?"

He tendered no apology for this home query, nor did Edmund feel that any had been necessary; for, though proud and reserved, he was instantly disposed to love, and not to fear, this meek, unaffected, cordial looking, well-voiced man; so easy, gay, and calm; so evidently capable of firm argument, and even bold action, in time of need, and with a rightful cause. The youth, therefore, responded—

"My family would thwart my tastes, and send me to the wars."

"Well, it may be, that thy present tastes are for some useless, effeminizing, dangerous toys; callings that might mix thee with worse than Soldiers."

"But," equivocated Edmund, colouring, "our relatives would not have me think, for years, of marriage."

"They know that man had best practice his hardihood in the fair field, ere he risk his all in wedlock."

"You speak bitterly, Sir! if you saw my Katherine—"

"With the *pitch brows*? I should mistrust her."

"Impossible! 'tis but because she is a poor orphan, and, like her brother, the pensioner of her wealthy kindred, that they are adverse to our plighted troth, and call us forward chicks, who, e'en hereafter, may each do better than wed one another. Hence would they sunder us, and drive me to scenes of brutal violence, though I live and feed but on her modest looks!"

"*You!*" shouted a strong voice from behind them, "*you*, moon-struck! *may*; but think you that this hero can?"

The speaker was a brawny, hirsute, martial personage, turned of thirty; he ran on—

"Hal Fenton, Sir, sent me to your rescue. I pride in such service. Robert Mead, at your command and the Queen's. By what name shall we accost your nobleness?"

"Stratford, so please you," answered his diverted hearer.

"Then, Master Stratford, prophesy me a battle, for, by Herc'les' club, I'm sick of having to climb apple-trees, instead of scaling walls, storm lips in lieu of forts, and shed wine in place of blood. Plague o' the wounds that sent me home, nigh forty months ago, to marry, be a father, and to rust! Now that I am fit for work again, they all, men, women, children, dotards, bid *me* stay, though this sweet shepherd, my intended substitute, had as lief be carbonadoed as go."

"Why this," laughed Stratford, "is being killed with kindness, made wretched by felicity, bankrupt by wealth, hacked to the vitals by homely peace, damned by one visit to church, felled by a woman, chained by drivellers, advised by school-boys, ruled o'er by sucking babes; hard case for mortal muscular!"

Edmund seemed to relish this fantastic retort, but Robert, frowning fiercely, demanded—

"Dost doubt me, man, for bragging craven? say so! and, breast of Bellona! if thy quality mate mine—"

"On a quiet man's word, gallant Robin, I question not your va-

lour ; no quality of mine can ever mate me with one by mother Nature born to Mars."

"Ask Raleigh, an' I be not! worse smoke than that of his new fangled weed hath rolled betwixt our noses. But 'tis dry talking. I was to bid you enter."

They were soon at the porch ; but as to entrance, it was blocked up by an ample sphere, encased in purple velvet ; above it dawned a partly bald, partly grey head ; the countenance, finished by a square beard, was expressive of self-important, scrutinizing, dictatorial content.

"That, Master Stratford," said the soldier, "is Ned's worshipful sire, Justice Francis Mead."

"Who," uttered the obese paternity, "holds himself happy in receiving a gentleman of Master Stratford's sagacity, as yet *supposed* ; for, he who foretells a storm, ought to be counted innocent of false prediction, or imposture, until he be proved guilty, by some hour of lengthened calm. Ergo, *so* long are *you* sentenced to remain here, on your probation."

"But how if there come no storm, Sir?" asked Stratford.

"Why, human judgments are frail at best. The surest seer may be wrong for once."

"What if I own that I know nothing of divination?"

"Ha! a she menial, and a silly selfish child, then, wrested your words from their real purpose, belike."

"Yet I avow that, indirectly, I foretold a storm."

"Hum! an indirection may be a lie in a mask ; but I have no authority, as yet, to pluck off that, and say it is *not* fact. It were more lawful to conclude you erred in ignorance. Now, *if* sin be a thing of conscience, he who sins unconsciously, sinneth not at all. We will pronounce you less than a sage, not more than an honest man ; on whom true wisdom looks not down ; for the wise knows himself a fool. Honesty is of more price than folly, or than *dishonest* wisdom ; such as, indeed, astrology hath, of late, Sir, shown itself."

"Again, did I confess that I pretended knowledge, only to win the boy a play day?"

"Malice! a knotty point ; yet can I not commit you on your own confession, none other witnessing against you, sith you told none, 'I will do so and so.'"

"By looks I made young Harry my accomplice."

"Looks? we are lamentably unprovided with chastisements for *looks* ; and, Henry Mead, being in his nonage, is no evidence. In such case, as you are not answerable for his progress, and might mistake indulgence for good proof of kindness, it were no gross misprision if, when you *desire* to leave us, we term our permitting you to depart, punishing you by banishment. Said I well?"

"Good, very ingeniously good! May the father's wit-mantle descend to the son!"

"This is too long a parley for hospitality," put in Robert ; "besides, *my* father wants to see our guest."

They made their way into the house ; and were met by a thin, but

lively old beau, whose slip-shod feet shuffled from a table, whereon Nelly, and two serving men, were spreading a refection.

"Uncle Philip," said the Justice, "this gentle's name is, as he informs us, Stratford."

Goodman Mead peered through his large horn rimmed glasses, and, fumbling in a gypsire, half hidden among the folds of trunks, which their wearer's thighs could no longer even half fill, drew forth a bunch of keys, and delivered them to the Nurse, quavering, in high, light tones—

"Give ye good day, Master Saffronfield! ye remind me of an old—dame! who looks to the pasty? Sir, the highest seat—get thee down to the cellar, child! yea, truly, we'll put ye, Sir Setforth in the—sack. Nelly, quick! and welcome, in the Gaffer's name, who would say more, an' a could now say even so much, to be heard or understood. Well a day! Master of this house, Sir, big enough for us both, and our descendants, he, he, he!" And a sort of hissing laugh rattled his loose teeth.

"Where is my wife, father?" inquired Robert.

"My daughter, Sir," expounded the Justice, "legally born, whereby, Edmund's sister. See ye now, if he be disobedient, Margaret, being his elder, ay, by seven years, or so, may be the Heiress, as it is modernly phrased; the Heir in the statutes, stands for female, too; as, when we say mankind, we except not women. Legitimate, I was saying; for no canon prohibits the interspousals, as one may call them, of cousins; albeit, Edmund—"

"By the heel of Achilles, it was a cannon that blew *me* to interpose with *my* cousin Meg," commented Robert. The Justice laughingly panted—

"Admirable! I have, of late, met instances of unlettered men confounding canons of music with canons—priests; and interpose, to boot? Oh rare!"

"Under favour," ventured Edmund, "the question is yet unanswered, as to my sister, and—"

"Kitty Fenton, thy cousin," chirped Goodman Philip; "they are with the children, and my poor brother. *His* wife, Sir, and mine are timely gone, whither we soon must follow; but that his Worship Francis and this widowed sister, Fenton, both so buxom,—yet keep up thy heart! there shall come a joyful—fat capon—like thyself—so young and tender! *His* Will, Master Sadfoyl with ale of the best, and Canary, exceedingly old, see him, ere our meal, ten years beforehand o' me. Served manfully, in his day, did Geoffrey Mead, good soul! going fast—*this* way!"

They all entered an inner room, where, lapped in furs, and cushioned from crown to toe, half sat, half reclined, the eldest of the race, an octogenarian, though not yet a great grandfather. He was languidly swallowing spoonful of dainty broth, administered by a lovely girl, while a beauteous young matron supported his palsied head; beside him crouched young Harry, with little Walter on his knee, to whose smooth cheek he was guiding the feeble fingers of their purblind ancestor. The Soldier and Justice made Stratford known to *their*

Margaret. Edmund presented him to *his* Katherine. He bowed, with almost a courtier's grace, to both, then filially expressed a 'hope that Master Geoffrey enjoyed his refreshment.'

"Speak loudly, very loud! he is stone deaf."

"Alack!" sighed the brother. Stratford sonorously repeated the words, the aged man *strove* to *see*, and faintly mumbled—

"George Fenton, I take it; bid thy wife brew me other stuff—no flavour—"

"He forgets *they* are both defunct," said his son; "therefore, though I assure you his word was all truth, in other years, all discrimination, and easiness to satisfy, readiness to thank, yet now, Sir, he may not judge or decide against so much as a mess of pottage, at *his* dictum; for, as is his moral head, so is his animal one; which is, in sooth, the same, no man having *two*, that is let live beyond the birth; our putting away of new-born monsters classing not with manslaughter, still less with homicide; being, in fact, both scientific and charitable; yet, as a figure, we may call the brain—Thought's head, the part used by our Senses a head inferior—just as Meads and Fentons live here, under one roof—Geoffrey hath, as you perceive, *them* or *it*; but the offices, the duties of both are gone; and he who takes a living stranger for a dead kinsman, may excusably call fine soup savourless."

"'Tis awful!" mused Stratford; "yon warrior, once helpless as his own babe, may become, at last, a spectacle like this."

"Blades and bullets forbid!" cried the Soldier.

"Nay, Rob," pleaded his wife, "resign thee to live thy day! its winter shall lack no tending, if I—"

"Kind wench!" interrupted her husband, with a smacking kiss, "our boy will comfort *thee*."

Elinor now returning, to take the Infant, announced that the table was covered; and Katherine, in accents rather clear and deliberate than loud, said—

"Dear Master Geoffrey, Nurse stays with you. I will be back, as soon as we have dined, Sir."

He heard and understood *her*, replying, "I know—sweetheart! where is *he*—just come home—not here yesterday?"

Kate modestly beckoned Stratford; instinctively he placed himself at old Geoffrey's feet. The venerable ruin lay his wrinkled hands on that bending head, and fervently pronounced—

"God bless thee, my dear son!"

Tears filled Stratford's eyes, as he rose, and followed the rational members of this family group to their Eating hall.

"I propose," said Robert, "that the Varlets be dismissed: and that Hal, who hath fed already, Page us; so may we state our position to Master Stratford, who seems a man of experience, and take his counsel, touching myself and Edmund, who, by Pluto's tail! threatens to turn recreant."

"Nay," interceded Philip, "the worst of Ned is that he is over given to rascal poetry."

"That, I agree," added Francis, "is his most heinous *acted* fault. I cite not one which was but of meditation; in sooth, too huge for me to hint, if perpetrated by a participator of our blood and name."

"What would you say?" cried Stratford, with melancholy shame.

"He owns," laughed Robert, "to having thought of joining a troop of harlotry Stage-players. Canst deny it, Sirrah?"

"No," answered Edmund, "I think nobly of the Art you despise; yet my wish is not to profess it, but to travel, in search of instruction, after some fashion that robs me not of Kate's dear company."

"Yet, it seems, that I must lose *my* love's," sighed Margaret. Stratford pondered a moment; then said, familiarly—

"Methinks I already see how matters are here; and, ere you enlighten me further, I would fain tell ye somewhat of the affairs on which I am journeying; employed to find Three persons, willing and able to undertake certain trusts, for which they were well repaid, and would hold due rank. First, some not more brave than skilful Man at Arms, who must have been *out*, for no few years, and hath a scar or so, to deck his claims; needed to train the youth of this and its neighbour Shires in fence, riding, nay—Master Robert best knows what. But, if so capable a teacher, o'er covetous of already achieved glory, forgetful of his scarce healed wounds, and of those delicate tendrils which bind him to home, and would perish without his propping, if such a Cavalier, I say, must needs—again—fight—himself, he would leave his pupils unaccomplished, and prevent the Queen of *many* soldiers, in order, anew, to write *himself* one. This were desertion, were it not, Justice?"

"Say ay, dear father, if thou lov'st me!" well nigh wept the fondly hoping Margaret.

"By Vulcan's smithy!" thundered Robert, "such post *were* a temptation; yet is it meet that Ned, untried, single, full of young health—"

"Settle your own cause, I pray you," burst forth Kate, "and leave ours alone! Go on, Master Stratford!"

"Nay, Ladie-bird, I have no unqualified luck for ye. The next I am bade seek is one fit to be a Secretary, whose Lord purposes a pilgrimage to the New World; so that, although the youth were nominally pacific, the perils, privations, and fatigues of shipboard, and savage climes, might sorely try his better courage, constancy, and faith."

"Then go not, cousin!" almost sobbed the maiden.

"Fie, fie!" said Edmund, "doubt you my manhood, or my patient truth to our contract?"

"Let her hear all thy hazards," continued Stratford. "That Noble has a bride, who goes with him; it is her behest that I find some young gentlewoman, of pleasing, virtuous conversation, to be rather her friend than—ought less. She must look well, too. Now, Mistress Katherine, shall that be thy rival, or, as my lady would more lief see a sympathizing sister-wife, than a curious loveless maid about her—"

"Oh!" raved Kate, "if *he* will take me, who shall say nay?—I have no parents. Edmund, may I go?"

"A sea voyage, to land among barbarians, dearest?"

"Now I *long* to sail the ocean; and all I've read of Guiana's natives assures me they are the kindest-nurtured creatures upon earth."

Edmund caught her to his breast; Margaret impulsively threw her

arms round Robert ; Francis and Philip shook hands with one another ; and Stratford hugged little Harry, who knew not what to make of the scene. Ere its principal actors, half laughing, half crying, would catch Stratford's eye, radiant with triumphant benevolence, he was gone. They looked for him, in lane and road, in vain ; all seemed like a vanished dream. In a few days, however, the three appointments reached Kindred's, with an additional request for 'a Page, who, with the Secretary, and Bower-woman, must join my Lord at Windsor,' Edmund and Katherine were wed, and set forth, with Hal Fenton. Their patron, as they lauded Stratford, smiled, saying—

"He has told me of your senior's prejudices, which let him not be more sincere, lest they should refuse his favour ; not that the Wag *was* sent on such a mission ; but rightly calculated his influence with me, and with my superiors. He is happy now, having done good, and in the cause of love. Who could refuse him ? He never deigns solicit for himself."

Ten years elapsed ; old Geoffrey was at rest ; his brother Philip had his easy chair. The wasted Francis,—though "out of commission,"—was more than ever a man of peace, decrepitly enacting Master of the house, for his more infirm uncle. The ex-military Robert, now a burly Magistrate, held forth to his scholars on discipline and daring. Edmund, returned from another hemisphere, where he had shown himself as apt for chivalrous deeds as for their mere versified portraiture, had attained the bearing of a combatant. Page Henry, though no maker of love-lays, delighted in singing such to his heart's first mistress. Walter, in his turn, shouldered a satchel of fair Margaret's sewing, and Kate's baby-son now filled the arms of Nelly. The male Meads and Fentons still were *Seven*, when he of the tall forehead reappeared at Kindred's under *another* name—a great one, though that of a man who had committed, he owned, the worst act on which his favourite Ned e'er tottered ; nay, who, in the exercise of his double craft, had exhibited *his* sometime entertainers, for the entertainment of the Court and public. They not only forgave him, but carved his name on the laurels of their garden. Those trees have long since withered ; the old house has fallen ; the generations of its owners have passed away. The name of that merry, sensitive reasoning philanthropist survives : his spirit walks amongst us ; his songs lullaby our Infants ; his whimsies tickle our School-boys ; his tenderness soothes our Lovers ; his gallantry fires our Soldiers ; his equity directs our Justices ; his gossip cheers our "slipperd Pantaloons ;" and his household words, penetrating even the mists of "second childishness," draw a parental benediction even from the lips of Eld. So dear shall be the heritage of his thoughts, to all worthy Britons, while the land has a language, an inhabitant, or God's fair universe a planet called the Earth. For that name was William Shakspeare ! and such the family whose Seven Ages he has immortalized. Among the *Kindred Meads*, while the race endured, his baptismal title was ever the favorite, and who, to this day, but must pride in the mere chance of sharing aught with Him ?

## A LEGEND FOR OUR SAILORS.

BY WALTER ELLIS.

Now blest be the Phœnicians,  
 Of mariners the first !  
 What filled their theoretic plans,  
 In very deed they durst.  
 They built, they manned, the earliest bark,  
 They steer'd her by the star,  
 They trusted Jove on billows dark,  
 They floated fast and far.

Thus sung that bravest crew, and best,  
 All beautiful and young,  
 With passion in each blythesome breast,  
 And music on each tongue,  
 " Let us *learn more*, *tell* what we see,  
 Nor look for golden showers ;  
 The glory of utility,  
 And hardihood be ours !"

All patiently, for that great end,  
 The homes of babes and wives  
 They left ; yea, parent, kindred, friend ;  
 To toil, with peril'd lives.  
 The milk and honey of the land,  
 The vine, rose, bird, and bee,  
 They left ; the green hill, golden sand,  
 And valley-shading tree.

Oh ! there are wonders in the deep,  
 And marvels o'er the main,  
 Yet precious is the seaman's sleep,  
 That gives him *earth* again !  
 They yearned for the fond, holy ties  
 That life to each endeared,  
 They cherish'd memoried sympathies,  
 Yet boldly persevered.

It chanced, upon a moonless night,  
 Which seem'd to menace wreck,  
 A sudden and mysterious light  
 Broke o'er the busy deck ;  
 Amidst them—lo ! a Woman stood,  
 Young, and most wildly fair,  
 Who smiled, though in commanding mood ;  
 But ah ! how came she there ?

All awed in silence as they bent  
 Beneath those wave-blue eyes,

Or watch'd the pearls a gleam that sent  
From lips of coral dyes,  
The Nymph shook back the amber fleece  
That veil'd her bosom's swell,  
And uttered, "I enjoin ye, cease,  
Rash men, or dread my spell!

"How dare ye, mortals, thus aspire  
Usurpingly to sail,  
Where ye but tempt the justest ire  
To arm both wave and gale?  
Will not dread Neptune rise, in wrath  
That ye invade his realm,  
And god-like cleave yourselves a path  
With these your wings and helm?

"How idly human judgment errs  
In choosing ways of strife!  
Descend with me, gay mariners!  
And lead a pangleless life.  
Feast, sport, in all deliciousness,  
With Sea-maids, bright as I,  
List to their lays, nor longer guess  
What mean the words—'to die!'"

They answered, all as with one breath,  
"Thy *promise* threatens most;  
That, Syren, were the worst of death,  
In which were honour lost.  
Leave us fatigue, privation, cold,  
And Pleasure's long adieu!  
With stainless aim on hope we hold,  
Time may home's joys renew.

"Or if that suit Jove deign not bless,  
Our simple fame may last;  
For knowledge, and for usefulness,  
We dared the brine and blast.  
If Neptune still be virtue's friend,  
He sees our venture runs  
His power majestic to extend,  
His subjects we, and sons."

Dark as the jettiest ocean weed  
That Being's ringlets grew;  
Vanished each softer charm, with speed  
Eclipsed by radiance new;  
A deep, loud voice it was that said—  
"My blessing on your sail!  
Truly have ye your duty read,  
My wise, brave children, hail!

" In every land be prized, above  
 Votaries of ease or gain,  
 And Age's prayer and Woman's love,  
 Pursue ye o'er the main !

'Tis Neptune's *self* this law decrees,—  
 For ever welcomed be  
 Sailors, as firm as pure as these,  
 The *first* who put to sea !"

---

ORIGINAL LETTER, BY EDMUND KEAN.

THE great tragic actor above named had been, for some time, indebted to an *innkeeper*, near Hammersmith, who received the sum due to him, after many fruitless applications. The money was sent in a note, of which the following is an authentic and literal transcript.

" Dear R——s.

Time, the Apex of the Universal wheel, will whirl away at last, and when the Chaos shall have overwhelmed *this* world, new states, new suns, new times will yet arise, and with new names. I enclose you the amount of your bill, and thank you for your kind indulgence.

Sincerely, Edmund Kean."

Mr. R——s would neither part with this document nor allow any one to copy it, but another tragedian, having, what the members of his profession call " a rapid study," learnt it at two readings, repeated it once the same day, to a still apter memory. It was set down, *verbatim*, at once.

The erring child of Genius was supposed to be scarcely sane at the time of his penning these strange lines. How many admirable qualities did he wreck by that one vice, Intemperance, which robbed us of him in what should have been the prime of his life. A consistent moral education might have habituated him to control his impassioned impulses, and regulate his habits, by tasteful judgment. But there are hundreds of human beings, frail and imprudent as poor Kean, without any imagination, susceptibility, or force of intellect; without one of his excuses. There have also been *as* many inspired, famed, tempted as himself, who have blended discretion with charity, and decorum with enjoyment. The characters of such men as Rousseau and Byron, with both of whom he loved to compare himself, afford useful materials for reflection. Let us not Pharisaically "thank God that we are not one of these," but whatever our abilities, correct our lives by such warnings, while sighing that any spots should have stained the mental Suns whence we have derived the glowing beams which it were ungrateful to depreciate, as it is impossible to forget.

## PEARLS OF PRICE.

A MILITARY SKETCH. BY THE EDITOR.

"A ring! fight it out!"—*Mob.*

SOME nine and twenty years ago, if I had been asked who was the happiest fellow in the garrison of Shannonstown,\* I should have said Edgar Noel, of the —th Dragoons. Young, in the enjoyment of fine health, and blessed with a buoyant flow of spirits, his private fortune sufficient to support the expenses of a crack cavalry regiment, and above all, as he was free from the horror of being in debt, few men had more right to be envied than my friend Edgar.

His pleasing, unaffected manners, his readiness to render his many accomplishments available to his friends, all ministered to his popularity. Edgar drew caricature likenesses of the picturesque peasants well, and the portfolios of his acquaintance were enriched by his sketches,—he sung and played with science, taste, and feeling, so cheerfully complying when asked to do so, that he gained the good will of all the party-giving residents in the town. In his conversation he could suit the taste of all his hearers—from the formal tea table coterie, to the more liberal listeners of the mess table. Noel, admired by his male friends, was idolized by the softer sex, for he was a tall, fair, florid fellow, with fine teeth, and looking like a man of birth.

The campaign ending at Corunna, had reduced the —th to "a skeleton," to use a War Office phrase, and, in consequence, the poor remains of Dragoons, once admired, were distributed over various districts of Green Erin, in the expectation of picking up greenhorns to strengthen the ranks of what had been one of the finest regiments in His Majesty's service. Edgar had joined in Ireland, Major Clevedon and himself were the only officers stationed in Shannonstown.

The Major was much attached to his subaltern, was proud of him, not only as a good soldier, but as a companion; they lived together more like brothers than brother officers. Usually invited to the same parties, Clevedon contented himself with the quiet enjoyment of society, conscious that his young companion would gain golden opinions, in favour of the "Old Cut and thrusts," as he used to denominate the corps in which he had served from his boyhood. The only censure I ever heard laid to the youngster's charge, by his veteran friend, was thus expressed—

"My dear fellow, it is useless for me to attempt reading the newspapers when Noel is present at the club,—somehow or the other, people will gather round the young dog, as he sketches the passers by, and then such peals of laughter, such cries of 'Capital!' 'By Jove, that's famous!' 'Have you shown Clevedon?' follow,—that, just as I am in the midst of a debate, up comes a half squadron of idlers, and insist on my looking at some quiz the boy has shown up. Why, even

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\* The name of this and other places mentioned in the following tale may have been carelessly omitted in the maps of Ireland; but the scenes will be easily recognized by those who have visited them.

that sanctified fellow, Mitchell, could not help smiling, the other day, at one of Noel's bits of fun, though, I must say, the Parson's smile is no great encouragement to mirth or good fellowship."

The social gaieties of the winter season had increased the circle of Edgar's acquaintance, and some splendid parties were yet in perspective, to all of which his presence had been secured by long dated invitations. February had arrived, with that severity which usually marks its presence in Ireland; sharp frosts yielding to the humidity of the atmosphere, and heavy showers, accompanied by gales as heavy, prevailing for eight and twenty days.

One morning, however, free from rain and wind, gladdened the hearts of many, and none more than that of our volatile Edgar, who seized the opportunity to call on some of his most valued friends, flying from house to house, and receiving the warmest welcome wherever he appeared. After some hours of pleasurable excitement, he returned to his quarters, with the intention of devoting his evening to the completion of an elaborate drawing of a comic head, which, as usual, he was about to give away, when he received a message from Clevedon, requesting his immediate presence. With a heart as light as thistledown, and a step as free as air, he hastened to the quarters of his excellent Major. The moment Noel entered the room he perceived an air of deep melancholy on the face of the veteran, and, in tones of affectionate solicitude, said—

"Good Heaven, sir, what has happened? are you ill? something is amiss, I am sure. For pity's sake tell me; and if I can be of the slightest use, command my services."

Clevedon endeavoured to speak, but was obliged to motion his visiter to be seated; then, after a struggle, began,

"My dear lad—I have a very painful task to perform,—I have that to communicate which will cost me as severe a pang in the recital, as it will wound you in the knowledge."

"No ill news from England, sir? My family are——?" exclaimed Edgar, much agitated.

"No, no; be calm, and listen to me. You know the Reverend Mr. Mitchell, by sight?"

"Yes, I have seen him often at the news-room; he spoke to me this very afternoon, for the first time. I saw he was waiting for the Chronicle, and handed it to him,—he was so obliging as to thank me; we got into conversation, and, on my leaving, he proffered his hand to me, which I took cordially—what of him, dear Major?"

"He shook hands with you *to-day*?"

"Not an hour ago."

"The Judas! that very man has propagated such reports of your conduct, whilst you were at the depôt in Bridgefort, that, unless they are entirely disproved, your character is lost for ever; and, what renders the matter still more serious, he gives, as his authority, Captain Sharkey, of the Invalids, a man of whom I have heard you speak in terms of intimate familiarity. Now, tell me, can you remember any one circumstance or transaction that can authorize either Sharkey or Mitchell to insinuate aught against your honour or—*honesty*?" and the good Major laid a particular stress upon the last word.

Edgar's colour rushed to his cheek,—but it was the blush of indignation, not of guilt.

"Honesty!" he repeated, musing—"honesty—Sharkey!"

"Yes, he hints that you are in the habit of borrowing valuables, which you forget to return."

"Oh, I begin to have a faint glimmering as to the possible origin of this malicious attempt to ruin me—but, conscious of my own integrity, I will not rest till you and all the world shall be satisfied that I am free from any imputation this meddling parson may choose to throw upon me, at the instigation of a —; but no! I will not give vent to my feelings of disgust and contempt, all I ask of you is three days' leave of absence; I will see this Sharkey; sixty miles are soon travelled" (he forgot that they were Irish miles). "I will not attempt to enter into particulars now—there are circumstances of extreme delicacy connected with this affair—but of these I may speak on my return, when I will bring back such proofs as shall re-instate me in your good opinion, if—as I hope is not the case—I have lost it."

"No, my boy," said the Major, grasping Noel's hand; "I'll pledge my life upon your probity—guilt never wore a guise like yours—but you cannot leave the garrison without the General's permission; hasten to him, say you have my authority for so doing, and I doubt not you will obtain a few days' absence."

Edgar, anxious as he was to see General Goldney, before his dinner hour, could not resist his desire of calling at the house of Mitchell, which lay in his way to the commandant's. On learning that the reverend gentleman was within, without waiting to be formally announced, he followed the servant to the study, and presented himself before his slanderer. The moment the servant had retired, Noel, in a low, but firm tone of voice, said—

"You must pardon my intruding on you at this unusual hour; there are cases in which ceremony must yield to necessity. You have received a letter from Captain Sharkey, sir."

"I have corresponded with my worthy friend Sharkey for years; what earthly consequence can that be to you, sir?"

"You have lately heard, from him, some allusions to my name and conduct; will you so far favour me as to let me see that portion of his letter which refers to me?"

"Certainly not, sir; it was a *confidential* communication—"

"Which you have industriously circulated, to my disadvantage, protecting yourself, doubtless, by the habit you so worthily wear."

"Be careful, young sir, what language you use to me," said Mitchell, pale as death with emotion.

"I shall, sir. I am to understand that you refuse to inform me of the substance of Sharkey's communication, containing aspersions on my character."

"I decline giving you the desired explanation."

"My path, then, is clear," said Noel; "I *will* have what I require from its source."

"You will be cautious how you mention *my* name in the matter."

"I shall speak of you, sir, as you merit—as one who, instead of ascertaining facts, contents himself with whispers and innuendoes, cal-

culated to destroy the character of a youngster, just making his way in the world. I ask you, does this become your sacred calling? does it correspond with your assumed holiness, your ultra piety?—a few days, and you shall hear more of this affair!” Saying which, Edgar left the reverend gentleman to his own reflections,—doubtless they were any thing but agreeable,—and made his way to General Goldney’s.

He was immediately admitted, asked for a few days’ leave, which was instantly granted.

“What part of Ireland are you about to visit, Noel?” asked the General.

“Bridgefort, sir.”

“Indeed! then I shall trespass on you to carry a letter to our mutual friend, Colonel Vincent, who commands there—but you must let him have it as soon after your arrival as possible. I will send it to you in the course of the evening. Pleasant journey!”

This point gained, Edgar returned to his barracks, where he found his friend Clevedon waiting dinner for him. Whilst at table, the Major said—

“Since you left me I have had a call from Sir Mahony O’Halloran, reminding me that I had promised to bring you to a party at his house this evening. Noel, you *must* go. I wish every one to see the good feeling existing between us, as a proof how thoroughly I disbelieve the slanders of Sharkey and Mitchell.”

In vain did Edgar plead the various preparations he had to make previous to starting in the morning—his objections were overruled, and ten o’clock found the two officers of the —th Dragoons at the gay assemblage at Sir Mahony’s, where they were received as usual. Not a single incident occurred that could be construed by the sensitive Noel into coolness from any one present, nor into such unwonted warmth as might arise from a fresh desire to place him at his ease. The party broke up at a late hour, and, as Clevedon and Noel were on their way home, the kind Major offered to his youthful companion his congratulations on his reception that evening, spoke at full upon the necessity of the step Edgar was about to take, shook him affectionately by the hand when they reached their destination, and, in a voice rendered tremulous by emotion, said—

“Noel, I feel sure that you will return to me, and soon—if possible, more worthy of my esteem than you are at this moment. Be cautious who you select as your friend, and, if the worst comes to the worst, remember that hair-triggers require nicer management than our holster pistols. Good bye, my dear boy, and take care of yourself!”

There was such an air of sincerity in Clevedon’s manner, that, however much Noel might have been disposed to smile at the caution to “take care of himself” under such circumstances, he knew that his friend meant kindly, and did not cavil with his mode of expression.

Edgar, desiring his servant to call him at five o’clock, dismissed him, and sat down to write a letter to his family, explanatory of the situation in which he was placed, intending this to be forwarded in the event of any serious result. He sealed up his desk containing letters from his friends in England, filled a small regimental valise with the requisites for his toilet, the hair-triggers, and did not omit General Goldney’s

letter, which had been duly sent; this done, he gladly gave himself up to repose.

Much to his annoyance, when his man informed him that it was five o'clock, he added that 'the rain was coming down in torrents, and that it was impossible for his master to start on a journey in such weather.' To this remark Edgar made no answer, but desired that his largest cloak should be unrolled, and that a pair of useful but somewhat antiquated over-alls should be furbished up for the journey. He made a hasty breakfast, and ordered his horse to be brought to the door. As this was done, Edgar could not but smile at overhearing the observations of his valet and groom.

"A wettish ride master will have, Moran," said he of the jacket and apron, "but I hope, that, as we say in Wiltshire, 'tis only the pride of the morning."

"Why then, Misther Lucas, it may be so, but if it is, I should say, as we say in Tipperary, that be the crass, the mornin' is prouder than it has call to be. Wettish you think it is? Ah the poor darlint Ki-ann, 'tis you that won't have a dry hair upon your ribs, before the sun rises, if he manes to rise at all—with all this water about him."

"I am not thinking of the horse, Moran, but our master."

"Oh, never fear for him—shure he's young, and has a tongue in his head, and if he gets could with the rain, can ax for a dhrop of the rale thing to cheer his heart; but the poor chestnut must put up with what's given to't, seeing that it would be a quare sight to hear a horse call for the materials. But whist, Mr. Lucas, what's the raison the master's off at such a tingent? is it married he's going to be? If he rids fur to meet the lady through such oceans of rain, he'll prove his affection, any way."

Before Lucas could reply, Edgar joined his two domestics, and very soon bestrode his favourite horse, whose bright colour and fiery temper had obtained from his owner the name honest Moran pronounced after the fashion of his country. Turning to his own man, Noel said—

"If anything should detain me, Lucas, you will call on Major Clevedon for instructions,"—the valet bowed,—“and you too, Moran—good bye t'ye both."

"The Lord send you safe on your road, Misther Edgar Noel dear, and what's more, send you back to us soon, for its unpleasing weather you have chosen for a ride this day, beggin' your pardon for my bouldness." As he said this, the warm-hearted lad pulled his master's cloak well over the flanks of "Ki-ann," gave him a parting pat or two, and, in a moment after, Edgar was out of sight.

For the first two hours he had to contend with darkness added to the elemental war, and gladly hailed the appearance of light, hoping that, as the sun ascended, the heavy clouds, surcharged with rain, would disperse. Cheering himself with this anticipation, he completed the first four and twenty (English) miles of his journey.

On his stopping at the principal inn at Kilfalla, he was obliged to call out lustily before he could induce the inhabitants to believe in the possibility that any one could be travelling on such a morning; but the moment it was known *who* had arrived, landlord, waiter, ostler, and chambermaid, all evinced their anxiety to attend on man and horse;

for Edgar had often put up at the house, and was a great favourite with the various functionaries.

"By Dad! Captain," began Mr. Rooney, the proprietor of the Lamb and Eagle, "if you had been in your regimentals, I should have thought you were riding a forced march; but to see you in plain clothes in such weather, is enough to make a body stare. Is it to Castle Sullivan you're going?" alluding to a seat in the neighbourhood.

"No, Rooney, I am for Bridgefort, so order an extra hand into the stable; let my horse be well rubbed down; I'll see to the feed, and, for myself, let me have a cup of strong coffee, as soon as possible."

"The mistress is known, far and wide for a cordial she prepares, fit for weather like this; take a taste of it, at my recommendation, and I'll be bail, I'm no bad judge."

"What, at ten o'clock in the morning?—Impossible!"

"Mighty odd it is, that young English gentlemen keep their time for drinkin', ever and always after dinner. I wish you could see young Squire Kinnahan, and Mister Peter O'Maley, before they go out with the hounds,—after lashings of strong tay, and hot buttered toast galore, it isn't two or three egg-shells full of that same cordial that they'd make mouths at;—but every man to his taste, say I, and if it's coffee you're for, mighty well, sir."

Edgar's cloak, nearly saturated, was placed on chairs before a blazing turf fire; he visited the stable twice or thrice, to see his beautiful steed cared for, and, after an hour's rest, again set forward on his journey. This part of his route lay through a mountain district, and, as he slowly ascended the heights, he could not resist comparing his present feelings with those which had occupied him only four and twenty hours previously.

"What a contrast with yesterday! how many noble fellows and darling women greeted me during the day!—not a living soul have I even seen for these last three hours. I feel as though I was alone in the world, and cannot but remember the object of my journey. That I, who upon all occasions have deprecated the system of duelling, should suddenly find myself in the position of calling a former acquaintance to account, and with the certainty that, unless I receive from him the most ample satisfaction, I must deprive him of life, or lose my own.—Am I, who would proudly lay it down in the service of my country, to forfeit all chance of future distinction, and be abruptly checked in my career by a cause like this?"

These, and such like musings, occupied Noel during the second stage of his wet and wearisome journey. A miserable village, at the foot of the range he had crossed, was the only place where he could obtain a temporary shelter. His horse began to exhibit symptoms of fatigue, as most horses would after eight and forty miles in such weather.

The owner of the wretched cabin, which served as the only hostelry of the village, regretted that his establishment did not offer any accommodation for "the likes of them," meaning both horse and rider; but, with that readiness to make the best of a bad matter, so constantly found in the Irish, thus spoke to Edgar:—

"Musha then, your honour, what if I have no banes, oats, or corn of no sort, shure I can give the noble crature a mash of male and wather, that will do him *twice* as much good, and, for yoursilf, there's a hot peayetee cake, and a sup of stuff that would make the gauger curse, becaze he hadn't the saizing of the whole kit."

"Have you any thing besides whisky, my friend?"

"Why, then, sir, I have not—barrin a bottle of ale, the only one left out of a hamper of that same, which my cousin, the big brewer at Bridgefort, sent me, as a present, when the grandmother of me died, and we were in want of the dhrink, for the ould lady's wake. I'll open it, with all the pleasure in life."

The cork was drawn. Noel drank a tumbler, and poured the rest of the bottle into the pail, out of which Cayenne had just finished the meal and water.

"That's thrue for you, sir; that sup will make your four-legged beauty as fresh as a daisy, I'll engage."

Edgar had still four and twenty miles to get over. He would have done this on a post horse, if such a thing could have been procured; but, as that was not the case, he was under the necessity of taxing his favourite for the completion of his journey. Aware that this lay through vast tracts of bog, and observing that evening was fast advancing, he hastened to set forth, glad to have afforded his animal even such unusual refreshment.

The rain still fell, nor had it ceased during the day; need I say how gladly Noel hailed his first view of lights burning in the houses of Bridgefort. He determined to claim the hospitality of a very dear friend, named Randolph, an Englishman by birth, who had purchased a charming estate on the outskirts of the town: thither the tired horse conveyed its rider: his approach being noticed by the servants, two or three hastened to the door to greet him, and Edgar, cavalry officer as he was, was obliged to request their assistance to dismount, so completely had his limbs stiffened with the twelve hours' pelting of the rain.

If good riding consists in horse and man seeming one piece (Centaur-wise, some *miscall* it, as the man *need* not lose his legs, nor the horse his head, in order to ride or be ridden well), yet, if the fact of the superior and inferior animals being, as it were, cemented together, constitutes an equestrian glory, certes Edgar and Cayenne were so glued to each other, by wet leather, living and dead, as to form but a single *ensemble* of conglomerated uncomfortability.

Mr. Randolph received his young friend with the kindest cordiality.

"I shall not ask what has brought you once more to Bridgefort, my dear Edgar, nor a single question, till you are in a fit condition to answer me. You must obey my orders implicitly. Bob, tell Peggy to light a fire in the blue room directly,—the bed is well aired,—young Dillon only left me for England yesterday; follow me, my dear fellow, and get off your outer garments. Sensible boy you are, to travel in overalls. John, help Mr. Noel off with them—your cloak is a hundred weight, I declare, with mud and water. Now, then, as soon as the turf blazes, you must get into bed, and leave me alone to take

care of you. Tim Dooley, if Mr. Noel's horse is not well made up, I'll break every bone in your skin."

Edgar, nothing loth, obeyed his friend, and was soon stretched at length in "the best bed." In a few minutes a small table was wheeled to its side, the cloth laid, and immediately on Randolph's re-appearance dinner was served.

"Now, my weary traveller, back yourself with the pillows, and take some of this hare soup. There's Madeira, and you know I can give you as honest a bottle of port as need be drunk."

Noel did ample justice to fare so acceptably and so promptly provided; when the meal was finished, he related to Randolph the cause of his visit, with a reservation, afterwards to be explained—and requested him to be the bearer of a message to Captain Sharkey. Randolph confessed his distaste to being engaged in such a business; but from his previous knowledge of Noel, and also his acquaintance with the character of his slanderer, undertook the onerous office of Second. Anxious to bring the affair to a speedy termination, Noel wrote to Sharkey, demanding a meeting, which letter Randolph carried to the Captain's residence. In a short time this friend returned, with the intelligence that the man he sought was from home, but was expected from the country by mid-day to-morrow. This delay, however vexatious, was unavoidable; and, at an early hour, the kind host, after assuring Edgar that Cayenne was in clover, left his friend to sleep off the effects of his journey.

It will easily be believed that Edgar did not feel disposed to quit his bed till some time after the hour of ten, next morning. On his descending to the breakfast room, Randolph congratulated him on his having shaken off the symptoms of fatigue which he had exhibited last evening, and added—

"I trust, by this time to-morrow, your mind may be also free from care, as I intend to ascertain if Sharkey be returned, and impress on him the necessity for a speedy arrangement of this unpleasant business."

The two friends had scarcely finished breakfast, when a servant announced Captain Sharkey. His appearance strongly indicated that he was labouring under emotions anything but pleasurable. His voice was tremulous, and his eye restless, as he muttered—

"My dear Mr. Noel, I am entirely at a loss to understand the purport of your note of last evening; let me entreat you to explain what I have ever said or done to require a hostile message from you?"

"Sir," said Randolph, "you must be thoroughly aware that your visit is perfectly out of order—pray do me the favour to name any friend of yours, with whom I can confer. Mr. Noel has placed the matter in my hands."

"Mr. Randolph, you must pardon me, I *am* aware, from having unfortunately been concerned in many affairs of honour, both as principal and second, that my present course is unusual; but, before I even ask a friend to aid me in the matter, I am sure you will not prevent my requesting my dear Edgar to tell me what misapprehension has arisen between us?"

"To that I will not object. You have my permission to tell Captain Sharkey why you have called on him for satisfaction."

"Briefly then, sir, in your correspondence with Mr. Mitchell, I am led to believe that you have taken an unwarrantable liberty with my name."

"You surprise me! Mitchell? what words of mine could he have used to your disadvantage, my dear sir?"

"You ought to have a better memory, sir," said Edgar; "he quoted, I am told, your own letter, which implied that I was in the habit of borrowing valuables, and forgetting to return them. The *habit* too! This could allude but to *one* affair. Your wife *spontaneously* lent me a pearl hoop ring, which *I strove, in vain, to return at once*. That very night a fire in the barracks destroyed nearly all my goods; the ruins were searched for any vestige of Mrs. Sharkey's *loan* to no purpose. I instantly called on her, begging leave to purchase such another—which was the only return I could make; to my surprise, she named these facts to you, who joined us. I repeated my offer of paying for the lost article, you must remember?"

"I do," hesitated Sharkey.

"And that you said I should offend and insult you by so doing, as the ring had never *cost* Mrs. Sharkey any thing, being a *present* from her *sister*; you added, that I was sufficiently out of pocket by the conflagration, and begged to hear no more of the matter—did you not, sir?"

"Yes—certainly," admitted Sharkey, writhing under the question.

"What, then, can have induced you to propagate so distorted a statement? Was such malice *politic*, sir?"

"It was all a mistake of Mitchell's, or of those who heard him," gasped Sharkey.

It was evident to Randolph that Edgar exerted great self-command and forbearance,—that he meant more than met the ear, and *could* have said what would have covered his enemy with bitter repentance and shame.

"And now, sir," continued Edgar, "having given you the required explanation, and received your verbal acquiescence withal, I must request you either to leave me, and authorize some friend to arrange with Mr. Randolph time and place——"

"No time or place better than the present, my dear sir," answered Sharkey, "I will afford you the most complete satisfaction; only tell me what you require. Let me beg, Mr. Randolph, that you will persuade your young friend to listen to me."

"Captain Sharkey," said Edgar, in a voice so clear and calm as to contrast strongly with the hurried and agitated accents of the man he addressed, "You must write to Mr. Mitchell, and to my commanding officer, confessing the falsehood of your own words, stating that there were not the slightest grounds for the imputation which Mitchell has propagated, and that you have, in the presence of my friend, begged my pardon for having given cause to such a report; that you are sorry for any inconvenience you may have occasioned me. If you will return in an hour with these letters, well and good; if not, I decline

any farther communication with you, except through Mr. Randolph."

"Why not suffer me to write here? I am most willing to make the amplest atonement."

Randolph placed pen, ink, and paper before him; he shortly handed two letters to Noel: their tone was one of abject contrition, but not sufficiently clear or explicit. Randolph urged the necessity of their being re-written more plainly, in every sense, adding—

"Control your tremor, sir,—the documents must be *legible*." Sharkey consented, and, on the completion of his task, after a careful perusal by Noel and his host, the latter signified himself perfectly satisfied, and that he thought the matter terminated.

"Not yet, my dear Randolph; there is still one thing more to do. I must, in Captain Sharkey's presence, and yours, visit the lady whose loss has been the origin of this affair."

Sharkey reluctantly yielded, and the trio proceeded to his residence. On entering the drawing-room, Mrs. Sharkey rose to receive Edgar, with flurried eagerness; he coldly bowed, and said—

"I had the misfortune (with much property of my own,) to lose a ring of yours, madam. I request that you will receive what I presume is fully equal to its intrinsic value,"—saying which, Edgar placed five guineas on the table.

The lady looked dreadfully confused, cast a withering glance at her husband, and endeavoured to speak. Sharkey chokingly proffered the money's return to Edgar.

"Sir," cried Noel, "I am resolved to put an end to the business in my own way—the loss the lady sustained is now made good, and your present letters have placed *my* character beyond the reach of scandal on such a subject. I wish you both good day!" saying which, Noel and Randolph left the couple to the discreditable employment of mutual recrimination.

But it is now time that *I* should reveal what Edgar would not betray, even to his friend Randolph. Mrs. Sharkey was a pretty, silly, but Noel long believed, a harmless flirt, if a *wife* can be so; but our young Dragoon had no taste for flirting—he could love an innocent girl with the purity of old romance, and, among an opposite class of females, was no Saint; but with married ladies, he wished to remain the brotherly friend, especially if intimate with their husbands. A sincerely anti-coxcombical opinion of himself blinded him to Mrs. Sharkey's leers, smiles, sighs, and squeezes, till, one evening, as his left hand lay beneath a card-table at which they were seated, the matron seized it, and forced the said pearl hoop on its little finger—to have resisted had been fatal to her character; he strove, in a style which she only could understand, to evince his determination against keeping her *cadeau*, or involving himself in—what *his* old-school conscience called—as it is denominated in the Decalogue. The modern slang which tolerantly dubs such affairs, *liaisons*, &c. &c. is one cause of their present frequency. But Mrs. Sharkey, mortified by his frigid air, left the table, and, so crowded was the party, that Edgar could not achieve a *tête à tête* with her during the evening. Returned to his rooms, he placed the ring in one of his toilet drawers, resolved

to restore it on the morrow, in such a way as, without any offensive breach of gallantry, should convince its fair owner of her "slight mistake." Then came the fire, which baffled one half of his good intent, but could not change the other.

Sir Reader, have you ever been stopped, in a nocturnal walk home, by some female desperada, who, if you civilly repulsed her amiable advances, called out to the passers-by that you had *robbed* her?

How shocked Mrs. Captain Sharkey would have felt, at being compared with one of these! Yet was she not "such another fitchew," only worse? as profaning the chaste name of wife, and forgetting the gentlewoman, without the excuse of want.

On reaching Mr. Randolph's, Edgar suddenly recollected the letter he had promised to deliver to Colonel Vincent, and hastened to the residence of that gentleman, to whom he apologized for the few hours' delay which had arisen from the forgetfulness, caused by press of business. The Colonel kindly checked his excuses, saying—

"Goldney can hardly have aught to tell me that won't be quite as much to the purpose to-day, as it would have been yesterday. With your leave I'll see." Bowing, he broke the General's seal, but, as he read, his brow contracted, yet not angrily, and he resumed,—“I was mistaken—a few hours might have been of vital consequence it seems.—I am requested, sir, to prevent your engaging in a duel, by placing you under arrest, and holding a Court of Inquiry upon the circumstances.”

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Edgar, "how could General Goldney guess?"

"Why, he says, he had heard you maligned, and knew that you would resent; your seeking the spot whence the lie, as he justly calls it, sprung, convinced him of your purpose; and you see, he has some value for your life."

"But, had it transpired that I bore the letter which secured my own arrest—my reputation, Colonel," cried Edgar.

"Pooh—if he had not been sure *that* was too firm to be shaken by the tattle of—fools—he might not have bade me interfere, as I must do, if the affair be not already decided."

"It is, sir, as these letters will show."

Noel placed Sharkey's two epistles before Colonel Vincent, who looked through both, with an air of friendly triumph, and commended the manner in which Edgar had behaved.

"If I *had* restricted you from fighting,"—he laughed,—“that fellow might have refused to own the truth; for, though he talks much of honour and courage, I suspect he would rather stab in the dark, than maintain his cause like a man. By the way, I am just going to dispatch an Orderly to Shannonstown; can I send any thing for you?"

Edgar took advantage of this offer, inclosed Sharkey's two letters to Major Clevedon, saying, that he hoped to be with him some time the day after to-morrow.

The following morning our young Dragoon took leave of Randolph, expressing his grateful sense of the part he had taken, and, determined not to overwork his horse, stopped for the night at the Lamb and Eagle.

Two hours after noon, next day, he found himself once more in his

quarters; the good Clevedon was on the look out for him, and was loud in his congratulations on the return of his favourite companion.

"My dear lad, the moment I got your letters, yesterday, I forwarded Mitchell's, and waited on the General with the other; he was as pleased as I was at its contents. I read it to the members of the club as they severally appeared; Mr. Mitchell did not honour the room with his presence. And now, get yourself rested, after your fatigue and excitement, and let me find you, in your smartest jacket, at half-past five, when we are both engaged to dine at the Palace."

Edgar gladly took his friend's advice, threw himself on the sofa, and, mentally retracing all that had happened within so short a time, fell into a comfortable doze, from which he awoke just in time to make his toilet. Arm in arm with his friend Clevedon, he was proceeding to the residence of the Bishop, when he heard, from a window of the club-house, his name loudly vociferated,—

"Noel! come here, like a good fellow!" bawled a well-known voice; "I have something to show you, by no means displeasing."

The pair turned back; Sir Mahony O'Halloran caught the young soldier by the hand, shook it violently, and led him to a fire-place, over which hung the list of members.

"Do you see that black scratch, my boy? I had the satisfaction of making that mark, at the desire of the club; you'll never see the sanctified scandal-monger toasting his toes over that fender again;—Will he, boys?"

"Never! Never!" echoed some dozen voices, and Edgar was proffered the hands of many of the most influential men in the county.

A large party had assembled at the Bishop's, and many a fair face smiled welcome to Noel. Dinner passed, during which not a man at table but challenged Noel to wine. Before the ladies retired, his Lordship observed that he was about to call on his guests to do honour to a toast, which he felt bound to propose under the peculiar circumstances of the case.

"I lament," said the Prelate, "that one of my cloth should have so far forgotten his duty as to become a slanderer; you are all aware how completely the ill report has been refuted, and that a young gentleman, beloved and respected by all who know him, has escaped from the machinations of his enemies. Ladies, I am sure you will join me, the gentlemen I see are filled to the brim. Health, happiness, and welcome back to Edgar Noel!"

Our Dragoon was so astonished that the Commander in Chief of the clerical forces should thus publicly reprehend misconduct in one of his own subalterns, that he could only stammer out a few words of thanks, but his eye glistened, and his face beamed with the eloquence of the heart. Clevedon took upon himself to return thanks in the name of his friend.

Amongst the observations that followed the gallant Major's speech I shall select only one:—

"Ah, dear, now I know all about it," sighed Miss De Courcy, "and the horrid fellow might have lamed you, Mr. Noel, which would have been a sad pity—because—you *dance* so well."

Later in the evening, when Counsellor Newton, the eldest son of

the Bishop, occupied his father's chair, for the cassock had shortly followed the petticoats, a gentleman named Egan, neither young nor handsome, turning to Clevedon, said, at the top of his voice:—

"Why then, you don't mean that this fuss has been all about a pearl-hoop, which Mrs. Sharkey gave Mr. Noel?"

"It appears she only lent it him," replied Clevedon.

"Bad enough even that, the faithless ungrateful creature! so to forget the giver."

"Her sister, she *says*," added the Major drily.

"Sister! then, on my conscience, the first owner of that ring never bore Mrs. Sharkey's maiden name, nor has any family likeness to her, nor is more like anybody's sister than *I* am. Is it Mrs. Sharkey? bother! don't I know? sure I ought, my experience cost me something handsome. Faith! she must have been desperate when she took to make presents in such cases; her old way was to extort 'em; and her husband is by no means jealous as to whence they came; but to give away, and for nothing! Oh, sir! you made 'em both your deadly foes."

"He paid him five guineas," said Clevedon.

"For cut pearls? twice their worth; but, Mr. Noel, you're right, you'd have found the connection far more expensive than agreeable."

A general laugh followed.

This unscrupulous gallant had dissolved Edgar's mystery, unveiled the character which, in spite of tempting provocations, he had cautiously spared. To say that he regretted the exposure were false.

"Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,  
But then 'tis not *my* fault if others hurt you."

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### SONNET.—THE WOODS.

BY ROBERT BIGSBY, ESQ.

COME, breathe with me the woodland's balmy airs,  
Rich with the melody of the free, wild bird;  
Where, 'mid the branches by the breeze soft-stirred,  
The lonely cushat her meek empire shares:  
Cast from thee all life's dull, ungentle cares,  
Deep in thy breast be each dark thought interred;  
Nor aught save Nature's minstrel-voice be heard  
In converse sweet—while the glad heart prepares  
To taste the bliss of those loved, halcyon days,  
That blessed our sunny youth; ere worldly coil,  
Or disappointment's blight, had chilled the rays  
Of joyous hope, which round our path would smile:  
When Fancy's wand could gild life's thorny maze,  
And Passion's glowing light each cloud beguile.

## ON THE FRENCH FICTIONS NOW MOST POPULAR IN ENGLAND.

BY WALTER ELLIS.

UNFORTUNATELY, every reader of our light literature ought now to understand French; as, though most of France's celebrated fictions are speedily translated into (so called) "English," our native novelists (with few exceptions) grow so anti-national, that they stud their works with Gallicisms, often ill spelt, and ill applied, as 'who should say,' "Those who understand them not are too ignorant for our consideration, we write to please our *peers*." To call the necessity for *any* mental acquirement a misfortune, may appear a paradox, but, until a student has a thorough knowledge of our own nobler language, besides good settled tastes, and principles, mischief must be done by attaining a familiarity with a tongue at once meagre, tautological, exclamatory, and frivolous; full of conventional phrases, and idioms; plays on words, indefinite in signification; so that their wittiest use only proves the poverty of their source; the beggarly ingenuity of those "who make one piece of furniture, not splendid, but exceeding useful, answer fifty purposes." This renders French a kind of slang, by which crimes are concealed, under nicknames; out of *their* worst meanings, too, equivocators can back, since "*ami*" means a virtuous friend, as much as it does a vicious lover.

In the generality of translations, many of their Originals' beauties are lost, while sins against morality and nature remain; yet, if the French author be "a great man in his own country," his Novels, his Memoirs, must be fostered here, to the injury of British talent, and British reason. Indiscriminate, venal puffs, bold yet bald assertions, mislead the herd, and the young, who either cannot or will not examine, and judge for themselves. It gives us "*an air*" to pretend appreciation of foreign graces; to rave of "the celebrated Chateaubriand;" though in one's inmost consciousness, all we know is that he is celebrated for his *celebrity*. Like Goldsmith's "man famous for a tomb in Westminster Abbey."

Should one of his readers ask a professed admirer, "Do you know that the Vicompte writes, on political affairs, with all the 'similes that nothing fit' of a romance maker? that his 'Sketches of English Literature' abound in blunders, and laughable instances of egotism? that his 'Atala' is a jumble of superstition, indecency, and suicide? his 'R  n  ' founded on an almost impossible monstrosity, slandering the holiest of affections, Sister's love? his 'Dernier Abencerage' a drawn game between two faiths, played far too ardently to be edifying?" Why, the *soi-disant* adorer could only try the French charm of repetition, and, as Icilius wearies out the arguments of Virginius, by reiterating, of Dentatus, "Still he's a *crabbed* man," the Chateaubriandiste must, instead of controverting one of the above statements, be content with uttering, "Still he's a *famous* man!"

A yet more overrated idol is to this day, "the *divine* De St  ael," who owed an extra-professional *eclat* to her sex, eyes, gait (on *those feet*!) her costumes, *soir  es*, her father's situation, her *connexion* with

Napoleon, and Byron, her disgust at her first husband, her unacknowledged union with the *young Rocca*, when she was forty-five years old, and other causes, which had nothing to do with her intrinsic literary claims. All these associations have long been matters of indifference to the English *people*, if *not* the means of disenchanting De Stäel in their eyes; yet a *clique* of *precieuses* continue to preach the infallibility of this eccentric. One of our leading authoresses said "that it would be *profane* in a translator to alter a syllable of *Corinne*;" what the uninitiated might consider indelicate, was merely a mysterious revelation of philosophy! These votaries expect to share the privileged impunity of their goddess. One of them even called *very blank* literal translations of the Improvisatrice's doings, "*Metrical Versions of the Odes!*"

These crusaders talked Bibliopolists into the "duty" of republishing facts unfamiliar to us in De Stäel's zenith, but which peace has since rendered "no news." Many things of which we read in her pages no longer exist; if they ever existed. By *this* time, it is to be hoped, there is less romance, even in Italy, than *she* gives us; though her tale "can do no good on earth," and though its worshippers see not that it is, unintentionally almost, too *funny* to be dangerous,—its flippant dogmas must be reproduced, as evidences of a Foreign female's intellectual superiority, profound erudition, and unaffected pathos, in *our* Standard novels!

Let impartial, unprejudiced persons read her *chef-d'œuvre*, and ask themselves—is the story well conducted? are its theories worthy of practice? its characters either diversified or justly drawn? is its style clear? correct? modest? Does it inculcate one profitable lesson?

Let them read it as *translated* by Mr. Jerdan, or in the original; if they turn to what was praised as "a labour of love," merely because it condensingly *differed* from De Stäel, they will not be able to do her thorough justice. "*Corinne*" has been *thrice* rendered into our vernacular. Is it too presumptuous to demand—*Why?* What order of actions and opinions had qualified the Baronne to merit our admiration or respect? The memoir, prefixed to her Standard *Corinne*, carefully suppressed the boasts of Madame Neckar, that her kinswoman, "this creature of soul, was set on a high stool, at eleven years of age, to be *stocked with ideas*; and receive homage from *savans*, as if she had been five-and-twenty. In consequence of the *round-wigged* Abbé Raynal's holding her hands a long while between his, and *thus* exciting that brilliant little imagination of hers, she cut out paper dolls, who performed amatory dramas," probably like those of the musically accompanied street *Marionettes* of Paris. "The unconscious passion of a girl for her tutor, the husband of her friend, formed one plot. This 'Sophie' was the blossom, 'Delphine' the fruit." Hideous of rind, and poisonous at the core. Yet, (for though anxious to be beautiful and dignified in the eyes of her readers, not even vanity could make her quite so, in her own,) while *Corinne* is complacently confessed as its writer's "ideal of her character," *Delphine* is shamelessly avowed as "more like her real *self*."

She called Ghuibert's tragedy of Anne Boleyn "consecrated to love, and fit to convert a thousand souls;" he having represented as

*fact*, the calumny against the mother of our Elizabeth. The *brother*, depicted as disbelieving in the God whose laws he had outraged, can only be bribed to repent his scepticism, by the hope his *sister* holds out, of their renewed enjoyments in Heaven. Unnatural blasphemy! Scarcely less so is that of De Stäel's appealing to her father's spirit, as her mediator. Madame Neckar *says*, that "there was not one stain of pedantry in the conversation or writings of the Baroness; that she never used any scientific technicalities." It was politic to avoid names which she could only misuse. She sought not, indeed, to comprehend nor apply terms which belong to demonstrable, useful realities. Chemistry and Mathematics, for example, are "true things," not matters of taste, on which a ranter may do sublime, by stringing together expressions that awaken but "vague reveries, on sentiment, nature, imagination, and enthusiasm."

For the gross errors she commits, as to our geography, and our habits in 1795, *vide* Corinne. Our women, in her pictures, are all *blondes*, timid, cold, austere, yet stooping to direct *lies*. As for her Scotch hero, by her called English, Oswald, Lord Neville, *which* his name, or *which* his title, no one can make out; he is a driveller, who, little as he says, is all *talk*; vacillating between libertinism and self interest, owing no joys to either, indecently marrying the half-sister of his former love or mistress, constituting the misery of all who depend on him. Yet for this *thing* does the learned, wise, inspired, pious Corinne, lose reputation and life, when old enough to know better.

Castel Forte is the only consistent, D'Erfeuil the only enlivening person in the book; but we see little of *them*; De Stäel deserted all rational subjects, to sound the depths of bathos; whence, in her insensibility to the ridiculous, she issues a host of bulls, truisms, platitudes, and paradoxes, clothed in grandiloquent verbiage. When she has, with antithetical smartness, put forth, as inventions, or discoveries, some sweeping, general rules, as old as they are vile, she apologizes for her own daring originality.

Some abstract knowledge of human *feeling* she does display; but her best truths want simplicity. That which is really important needs no inflation, no gaudy colouring. Whereas her "in the name of the Prophet—Figs," no sentences, must remind us that the *Ass*, under the Lion's skin, was but the sooner detected, for his attempt to roar.

These would-be logical and ethical brays announce the dragging on of that rickety vehicle, her plot. She cared not how nor when she disclosed its secrets; you must take her word, in all cases. Genius is irresponsible; it accounts for nothing; it soars above mechanical arrangement. She begins her pictures where she pleases, just touches one feature, proceeds to others, returns to the first, leaves all unfinished, and so little distinguishes her descriptions from her dialogues, if so they may be named, that it is still *herself* who talks, of, and to herself, throughout.

For many of her historical and artistical illustrations, she chose to *remain* indebted (as she was to a Dover innkeeper, for less poetic food) to Signor Magrini, Conservator of a public Library in Rome. But, as in a modern British *Lady's* work on Italy, borrowed quotations

from the ancients only render more palpable the *bêtises* for which nor school-boy nor even school-girl could escape chastisement.

One proof is worth a bushel of assertions. With her wonted antipathy to the fitness of things, she cites an epitaph, by Propertius, on a woman early married, to a fond husband, then dying young, though a mother, who bids her partner a tender adieu, concluding to the effect that—"from the hour at which her *bridal* torch was kindled to that which lights her funeral pile, she has lived *purely—between two fires!*"

The Baroness descants on "the feminine dignity of this admirable expression; on the imposing *eclat* enjoyed by Roman matrons; the more than chivalrous homage they received; the noble pride of a wife who has thus preserved the unity of her destiny, and carried but *one* recollection to the grave; enviable being! sublime image! &c. &c."

Neither Propertius nor Corinne can tell us what temptations this Cornelia ever felt to deviate from her happiest, most natural duty; what merit she had, in not confusing the recollection of her husband with that of any other man. What right she had to pride, in not being gratuitously base, not throwing away the respect she must have liked to receive. All she preserved must have been more valuable, more agreeable, than what she let alone.

Two contrasted or opposing engagements, or provocations, suddenly perplexing us, at the same time, either of which, should it master us, may destroy, perhaps, our all, are aptly figured as placing us "between two fires;" but Cornelia's seem substantial literalities, purchaseable flambeaux. A lady, on a wintry day, facing one well fuel'd grate, with a red hot stove comforting her back, and expecting praise for her magnanimity, in sitting content "between two fires," were about as exemplary as this unchristian Cornelia.

I have a picture of a gipsy, carrying off a fat goose, heedless of a pair of magpies, who are perched in the thicket; the motto—"A bird in the hand is worth *two* in the bush." That thief's forbearing selection ought to have thrown into extacies the be-flattered she *charlatan*, whose empty pretences fearless truth may justly delight to expose. We may allow this "extraordinary woman" to babble between Rome and Greece, as if the latter had never any greater men than sculptors and poets. Let Demosthenes and Xenophon, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, settle that point with her. We may leave the Germans to deride her superficial yet pompous *tirades* against them; but ought we silently to bow down and worship a masculine blue, so false, so ungrateful to *us*? Was it because she had railed against Napoleon, like a defeated *intriguante*, and risked her children's lives, rather than not exit in state, with liveried equipage, when a hired carriage would have been safe and wise; because she lived here protected by *two* 'amis' instead of one, that here was she *fêted*, by the matrons she loved to depreciate? Our scenery elicited but her contempt; our literature some of her most ludicrous mistakes. She ascribes "the *gloomy* sublimity of Milton," (Oh, Comus, L'Allegro, *Paradise!*) to his study of *Ossian*; unconscious that the M'Pherson controversy was reserved for the Georgian era. She cites Pope, as "the only great English author who devoted himself to the labour of translation, in his *elegant paraphrases* from Homer." By the way,

she paraphrased a passage from Eloise's Letter, without acknowledgment. This prodigy of female *lumières* was either ignorant that Dryden, Cowley, and Cowper, beside Moore, George Lambe, and other moderns, had translated from the classic poets, or she did not think those Britons great authors. Her vaunted intimacy with our "melancholy language," and our "terrible Shakspeare" (these are *her* words), she herself comically disproves. The only benefit to be derived from a perusal of this famed Corinne, is that it may teach females of moderate abilities to thank God that *fancy* never led them to wrong actions. It is by the *use* we make of whatever talents Heaven gave us, that we shall ultimately be judged; Corinne may, also, warn maidens of genius to eschew singularity, and preserve decorum. However impassioned they may be, they can, with the aid of reason and religion, render their high-toned faculties the willing servants of virtue; but if, like De Stäel, and her heroine, they grow vain of their follies, instead of abjuring even pride in their sacrifices, they must become miserable laughing-stocks. The dread of such fate often assists conscience, and sometimes acts even as its substitute. Now, though some may say, "No matter by *what* means good is effected," no end can sanctify bad means, no "finis" ought to crown a wrong whole; yet it is better that good should be achieved by second-rate means, by mixed motives, than by none.

Madame de Genlis, whose works have long been placed in the hands of female youth, in one of her tales makes chastity depend on the associations of idea aroused by this or that perfume. One *bouquet* suggesting Love, and another Devotion.

Madame de Cottin, in "Malek Adel" puts into the lips of *Cœur de Lion's* queen, language revolting to delicacy. Even Madame de Montolieu's "Caroline de Lichfield" is stained by French taste, from which neither Florian nor St. Pierre are quite exempt. If proper intent be of more consequence than powerful execution, what can be said in defence of "The Hunch-Back of Notre Dame?" If the sacrilegious speeches are uttered by beings driven to madness, that cannot render them fit for sane ears. Who would insult their own best feelings, by listening to the horrid imprecations or obscenities of Bedlamites? Abominable words and deeds are heaped on one another, to work out no salutary principle; and yet, because all this is in French, ladies read, and weep over it, who shrink from Shakspeare, as "too free!"

Parisian *litterati* must be impious, and licentious. Dumas's "Pascal Bruno" cancels a host of generous attributes, by these two foul qualities; when condemned to death, for robbery, outrage, and murder, he arraigns the decrees of Providence, to justify himself, and concludes a guilty career by *felo de se*, in order to excite the sympathies of the good.

This romance was translated by the late Mr. Theodore Hook, whose *cleverness* was shown in the details of modern English life; but not in the picturesque and poetical adventures of the Sicilian bandit, and his Moorish page, called "Son," by the orphaned, unallied, ruined, tempted, provoked, brave, waggish, fascinating, young Brigand!

But "Ali, my Boy!" sinks the sad, grateful, *almost* implicit obedience of the stripling "Child," to his "dear Father," into the con-

veniently uncompromising, if well "*tipped*," zeal, secrecy, and dispatch, of some modern London Tiger to some fashionable impostor and shameless desperado.

Of Rousseau, Hamilton's "De Grammont," and Beranger, I will only say *here*, that though, perhaps, they ought not to be popular, certainly not with young ladies, I have neither a hope nor a fear of their ever being sufficiently comprehended by the fair to do them either good or harm.

"The Barber of Paris" owed its English dress to a gentleman formerly mixed up with an unmentionable Biography. Adhering to the letter of Paul de Coq, he missed the spirit, and meaning; but, perhaps, so much the better. There, again, impurity runs riot; and the "artless" lover, intended as a contrast to the man of intrigue, (who proves, of course, *father* to the girl saved only by self-destruction from being his victim,) the "honourable" youth, I say, is actually the blackest villain of the two; treacherously, in female garb, seeking the ruin of innocence.

Ancelot's "L'Homme du Monde," has not, I believe, been *openly* translated, though its best incident has been surreptitiously adopted by one of *our* "great" scribes. There no warnings, no education, can save a maiden from "the descent" which the French think so "*facile*;" she feels not the slightest yearning towards the dreaded fruit of her sin, but seeks to drown her shame with her life, or to hide it by a marriage (conditional!) with the *son* of her seducer.

In some respectable papers, very recently, appeared notices of "Mannon Lescaut," now given for the improvement of those who cannot read it in its own language. It was called "a charming novel." The reviewer, it is just possible, might not know that it records the wilful constancy of a man to a creature who does not even affect fidelity to him. A wretch of miscellaneous and mercenary "loves." If such be the French works *publicly* sold, candidly read by our women, may they not engender a curiosity for some still worse? "Such," say some Englishmen, with indignant shudders, "there *are*." We dare not think on that possibility. But can the least exceptionable of the above-named confer the slightest advantage on those who bestow time in exploring them? May not mere amusement be drawn from more harmless sources?

Fortunately, we still have some native worthies, of old English predilections, adorning healthful thought by the sweetest manner, and leading us towards the right, by paths more tempting far than those which conduct us to the wrong. The readers, therefore, who "first endure" and "then embrace" either French or Frenchified literature, to the joyless injury of their moral health, are as impolitic as the tight lacers, who incur agony and lasting disease, to make *frights* of themselves, merely because such is the fashion, sanctioned by fools; while painters and sculptors are driven to seek our rural or humble population, for models of easy grace, and blooming vigour, physical types of the mental constitution which naturally is, and ought to be, pre-eminently British.

(To be continued.)

## AN IDEAL OF LADY BURGHESHS'S PICTURE.

THE COUNTESS OF MORNINGTON, WITH A LETTER FROM THE DUKE  
OF WELLINGTON, JUST AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

These lines were written before their authoress saw the engraving from the above named picture; she presumes to regret that his Grace's letter is *not* in his parent's hand, also ventures an objection to the presence of so *many* family busts, the intrusion of a pet dog, and the paucity of emotion in the mother's countenance.

YES, envied Mother, God the Victory gives  
To Britain's dreaded Chief, with thee so mild!  
The right hath conquer'd, and the hero lives,  
Who *was* "thy boy, thine Arthur, thy fair child!"

The Sun's own Eagle can all others tame,  
Firm valour hath subdued the despot's rage;  
How vast a consciousness to thrill the frame—  
The parent breast of womanhood and age!

Shed thy fond pious tears, for Heaven hath kept  
The fountain of *his* pity full and free;  
In triumph's noon all shamelessly *he* wept,  
To think how dearly bought his wreath must be.

Is't a mere lifeless page thy reverie views,  
Traced by thine offspring's justly venging hand?  
Hear'st thou but thine own pulses? dost thou muse  
As one alone, far from that rescued land?

No, Fancy bids *his* voice describe the fight,  
Sees the calm, simple grandeur of his face,  
Basks 'neath his cheering eyes, of sapphire light,  
And clasps the Greatest of thine all-great race.

Happier than Rome's Vetruria,\* ne'er hadst thou  
*His* war on native ingrates to bemoan;  
No fickleness here broke his patriot vow,  
Who saved so many lands, and *may—his own*.

Thou, too, thrice honour'd junior, Queen of Art!  
Owing more fame to Nature's holy ties,  
Ennobling so the Paintress' noble part  
That we admire less than we sympathize—

Truant from Fashion's idly toiling crowd,  
A labour of long love hath filled thy dream;  
Most womanly ambition! best avowed  
By choice of that high, chaste, and tender theme;

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\* The Volumnia of Shakspeare's "Coriolanus."

Creating thy best pictures in the mind,  
Another, dearer portraiture *I* ask,  
Thyself, this work before thee, just design'd,  
And thy loved kinsman watching o'er the task.

Our life is not all prose—nor every where  
Is Talent lawless—Beauty wild and frail;  
Thou, Duty's Genius, doubtless art as fair  
As many a wandering star whose fall we wail.

Joy in thy power to give our darkening years  
This touching proof of pure, consanguine pride,  
To claim for such a Three the thankful tears  
Of unborn thousands, to your worth allied.

Far beyond Albion's empire of bright foam  
Perpetuated, multiplied, shall shine  
This mental record of thy zeal for Home  
Deserving homage from a soul like thine.

Peace sing around thy steps, young matron sage,  
In the Muse-haunted bower thy merits won,  
And some sweet grand-child paint *thy* reverend age,  
Exulting in the Glory of *Thy* Son!

(ISABEL HILL, NOVEMBER, 1839.)

## THE SPELL-BOUND MOOR.

"Only once a year! please to remember the grotto!"

### CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago there dwelt between St. Roque and Gibraltar, the Hidalgo Manuel de Sebastianos, who, being suspiciously tall and handsome, had been forced, at one and twenty, to wed a cousin, more resembling their family. The dark, thin, little Dona, lived but time enough to bear a son, who early promised to excel his young widower sire; inasmuch as the direct and unimplicated descent of Gomez from Spain's oldest of "old Christians" was evinced by the scanty stature, and scrubby features, which should denote the true greatness of a Grandee. He grappled enthusiastically with some branches of his education, becoming an indefatigable collector and transcriber of curious, antique manuscripts, on History, Science, and *Vertu*. He positively refused to avail himself of any chance for distinction in the wars. The same pacific tastes made him abjure all hopes of matrimony, and paternity; though, when he came of age, his father bade him transmit their mighty name, with their respectable possessions,—at least, do his part towards lawfully handing down both to posterity; but Gomez, although, or rather *because* he devoted so much of his

life to the theoretic study of his most gothic genealogy's past glories, would not sacrifice his liberty to attempt any augmentation of its future renown, except in his own person; he owed posterity a museum, a library, but not a son. If that-time-hundred-years wanted descendants of his, let next century come and tell him so, at once: Don Manuel, at two and forty, he sneered, was much more likely to love, and be beloved, than were a philosopher of half that age.

"Possibly," was the reply, "if you won't have a son to inherit after you, you may have a brother or sister to inherit instead of you. I could leave all to my second child, if I pleased."

"And if you had one; say to a second—and leave what else you like, so you leave me!" retorted the student.

Sebastianos, though justly wroth, settled his house, and a moderate allowance, on Gomez; arranged for drawing his revenues through a steward, and departed for Italy; where he soon took a very young, lovely, rich, patrician bride, who bore one promising boy.

Manuel was reported as idolizing his Carniola, and, even in four years, their Cardenio was said to display all the arts and blandishments of his doting mother. To the less congenial Sebastianos, the senior, neither returned nor even wrote. His son never disturbed him by letters.

About this period Gomez began to patronize an humble youth, called Hernando Arqua; who gained a slight and precarious livelihood by acting as scribe, and accountant, to such of his neighbours as needed and could remunerate his services, in both the before-mentioned places; which are but six English miles apart.

Gomez, though not a liberal, was a prompt and punctual paymaster; the frequent tasks for which he hired Hernando, enabled him to marry the pretty Inez, who not only constructed mantillas and basquinas with tasteful neatness, but invented new patterns, for bugle trimmings, and fashioned artificial roses, for sale, when the season supplied but few real ones.

Industrious, frugal, clean, honest, and pious, as her husband, she was far more lively; danced gracefully to her castanets, and sung sweetly to her guitar. This pair loved each other with peaceful constancy, and prided in their only child, Marina, to whom they gave the best instructions in their power, but Nature had been far more bounteous. For her sake, they regarded what is *called* the curse entailed by Adam, on his offspring, as a blessing; they prayed for employment, and for strength to persevere.

Arqua's labours were often hard, dry, and would have been disgusting, but that he had the art of forcing himself either to take an interest in, or to extract satirical diversion from all he did; for, with Spanish gravity, he united Spanish imagination, shrewdness, and humour. His untiring pen aided his wife's steel weapons to war successfully against want and debt; though they had been married above twelve years ere they were able to save money, except enough to purchase a mule, their economical career won them respect, and their amiable manners affection from all classes.

We must hurry over a little more time, to describe their daughter, as just budding into womanhood. To the symmetry and gait so ad-

mired in most of her compatriotes, she added superior height ; her delicate yet prominent features, dark brows, and long silken lashes, were, indeed, Iberian ; but her full eyes were of the deepest violet grey ; her luxuriant tresses of a sunny hazel ; her smooth, downy, dimpled skin fair, fresh and mutable of hue, as that of a Northern beauty. Her countenance expressed docile good sense, and a pure kindly heart ; her address, though simple, possessed a natural dignity. She was early of great assistance to her mother ; and, in her teens, writing even a better hand than her father, often helped him, as copyist of the matters of fact so prized by Don Gomez. Marina was as serene as fine health and clear conscience ought to make any young maiden ; but, in her relaxations from duty, her tastes were rarely mirthful : she cared less to display her attractions in a bolero, than to melt or fire her friends by some sad or chivalrous ballad, or one of Morisco superstition, warbled so feelingly that the listeners, for the time, believed more than did the minstrel's self. She was inevitably familiar with a host of national legends, living within sight of the shores whence the valiant and intellectual unbelievers invaded her European home ; she enjoyed these wild and wondrous tales ; loved to call before her eyes the gorgeous shows created, at a word, by some Moorish Astrologer, to be again reduced to nothing, by one wave of his wand ; but, having been freed from the credulity of her country, by being the amanuensis of its real history, she liked all its romantic fables safely, as one may acting or flattery, without trusting either. They can take no dangerous effect on those they please, unless mistaken for truth.

Padre Pedro was wont, like Sheridan and Lady Byron, to get those against whom he argued " at a dead lock." He would say,

" If, my child, these vanished infidels *could* exercise the Black art, then are they all doubly damned ; if they could *not*, then were they impostors, hypocrites, liars, and are damned, if any thing, deeper than they would have been in the other case."

The fair clerk, though with all deference for her spiritual adviser, secretly opined that neither of his cases might have been the correct one. That survivors of *their* Church might, by exaggeration, have stained the memory of the Moors with unhallowed mysteries, of which they had been as innocent as herself.

I must here endeavour to depict this Padre Pedro, Confessor to Don Gomez, the Arquas, and many others. He was a commonplace man, resembling none of the various ideals formed by fiction of monastic individuals, nor any of the specimens selected by travellers for effective description. As instances :—First, there is the proud, comely, learned young churchman, of disappointed ambition, and repressed passion, cherishing some love equally guilty and hopeless.

Next, the fat, rubicund monk, ignorant and sensual, cajoling his " dear daughters " out of their wine, pasties, gold, secrets, and fidelity to their husbands.

Then, the morose, bigotted, miserly, thin friar, who never smiles but when he has preached some fresh proselyte into renouncing all the natural happiness, and useful, active virtues of life, or when he sees the faggot blushing, as it destroys some martyr to papist fanaticism.

The brother of Saint Bernard, nightly risking fatigue, cold, peril,

hunger, consumption, for the delight of saving human lives; and, by hospitably sheltering the belated mountain traveller, teaching grateful hearts to adore the marvels and mercies of God.

The indolent, liberal Neapolitan, caring more for ancient than for modern Rome, half heathenized by classicality.

The warlike Templar, doing more for the honour of Knighthood than for the sake of the Cross.

The dapper, intriguing French Abbé; the Irish champion of agitation, all rant and rags, a so-called patriot, venal as violent. These, and many more, have been subjects for graphic penmanship; but Padre Pedro was like none of them.

His form, but little bent, even at sixty-five, was moderately tall and stout; his complexion healthful and clear; his features good, and, though not remarkable for much variety of expression, borrowing some importance from a habit which, if it could not make his eyes look penetrating, at least tended to conceal their lack of animated lustre. He *winked* as he asked how you were; his comments on the weather were prefixed by winking. Gomez would even say to Hernando—

"By my faith, the consequential and confidential Padre winks at the blessed Virgin herself!"

Pedro had a tolerable share of learning, yet his manners were sociable and homely; when allowed meat or wine, he liked that the manly portion he partook should be dainty and nicely served. He meddled not with state affairs, loved money, but bestowed a *part* of what he extracted from his "children," on certain pet Saints. He was neither brave, nor cruel; and, though prone to take for granted the worst version of every rumour, would get any sinner, of his own creed, out of a scrape, if possible. He never repented but one act of charity: having caught a cutaneous disease, (unjustly and exclusively attributed by some to the natives of Britain's colder hills,) in his visits to the poor young widow Dolores, for whose babe, nevertheless, he afterwards provided, though hinting that 'one of the Devil's duskiest daughters had interfered, and turned his benevolence into an irritating degradation.'

Nearly twenty-two years had elapsed since the union of the self-exiled Manuel with the Signora Camiola, when tidings arrived that the Don had suddenly died, making no augmentation to the fortune of Gomez.

"That Cardenio, my son," said the Padre, "can be no brother of yours. Those Italian damas often, when they have wheedled their dupe to wrong his own blood to enrich theirs, thus *dispose* of an old husband, while they are still young enough to marry again, or do even worse. In Venice, I am told, the most subtle *poisons* are cheap as garlic."

"Well," laughed Gomez, "though you do not approve the use of such drugs, you certainly *wink* at it."

Aided by this worthy priest and Hernando, the Don rummaged out family deeds, proving that not more than half the estates could devolve on Cardenio, if 'an eldest son's eldest son' existed.

"We could try the murder and adultery questions as last resources, if this failed," quoth the Senor. "If I could make up my mind to marry now, as did my father, at my age! but no fine lady could conform with my habits. Our Donas are all sworn to ignorance, idle-

ness, vanity, and extravagance; so I would not stand out for wealth or high birth, only for true papist-christian blood, even if distantly derived from Saxony or Albion. The girl might be the handsomer for that; must be my *born* countrywoman—chaste, intelligent, dutiful, and—Hernando, friend! look out for me.”

Don Gomez smiled; Padre Pedro winked significantly; but the lowly Arqua, from their words and signs, deduced no idea so preposterous, so unwelcome, as would have been that of Sebastianos, the ugly, elderly accumulator of uninteresting records, feeling piqued into an offer for the blooming Marina.

Inez and her husband thanked the Saints that no contestible property would ever kindle discord on their unambitious hearth. Their obscurity held them beneath the storms of fate and fortune, which reversed the destinies of their superiors. Nor politics, nor creeds, nor wars, nor revolutions, threatened to impair their content. They could now afford to live in yearly increasing comfort, hoping soon to keep a servant; and this they chiefly owed to Don Gomez; for the children of others who had employed Hernando, in his youth, had marched with their century, and so improved as to transact the affairs of their parents, without needing much of his aid. This spared him from long and rapid rides, in the hot and in the rainy seasons. His vivacious wife's business flourished, and Marina seemed likely to have earned something like a dower for herself, against the day on which she might become the bride to some honest equal of her choice.

Those who sow good seed, in good ground, and guard its growth, naturally expect to reap a harvest. Those who, to talents and industry, unite economy, charity, moral conduct, dwelling together in unity and religious trust, are too apt to make sure of *temporal* blessings. It is almost as wise to “build castles in Spain,” or “in the air,” as to waste our moments on erecting fancy cottages; each fabric is equally liable, one might say *certain*, to be swept away, by the breath of truth, or hidden behind the clouds of reality. So inscrutable are the ways of Providence, who decides without reference either to our Virtues or our Prayers.

## CHAPTER II.

As autumn waned, the health of Inez abruptly failed; she was also depressed and agitated, as if by nameless apprehensions. Her profitable toils were suspended; her husband and daughter forced to give up nearly every instant to cares for their beloved invalid. They trembled for her life. With mixed emotions did they learn that the house might probably soon contain a life the *more*. Inez, after a sixteen years' pause, was again about to give an infant birth. She might die, so might the babe. All was terror, blended with a kind of embarrassment and regret, on the sufferer's part, which awoke ineffably tender sentiments in the breast of Marina. She had now to cheer, and, in the best of senses, control the feelings of her parents. She regarded them as distressed lovers, to whom she might speak with the familiar affection of a womanly sister; and thus taught them to prize her as their truest friend.

The trial was surmounted, though Inez remained menacingly feeble,

as the nurse of *Twin boys*. Her girl, fatigued and impoverished, welcomed and attended to the new comers as fondly, as firmly, as though they had brought her prosperity, or been the firstlings of her own bosom.

Padre Pedro, who baptized them Roque and Lopé, failed not to hold forth, everywhere, on the maiden's exemplary worth.

"She has been, from her first prattle, *my pupil*," would he conclude, dropping his lashes on one side. "*I taught her—every thing.*"

Very little could now be done, by the Arquas, for any one, beyond their family circle. Maids and matrons ordered dresses from new hands, who could execute them speedily. Hernando's home solitudes had, for some time, withheld him from undertaking a long "*job*," for Don Gomez. But in less than a month after the birth of these sons, the harassed scribe, needing the means of softening the winter's unusual severity, presented himself before his patron, told his unaffected story, and professed himself now ready to commence the business in question, begging that, if possible, he might be allowed to work at his own house.

"What, lose your share of my dinner, that you may at every fit and start of revived paternal—folly, drop the plume to dandle these gifts of God?" sneered the old bachelor.

"No, Senor, but there Marina, who cannot quit her mother and the little ones, might still write with me, often for an hour at a time."

"That may suit your other customers, friend; with me you are too late. I never broke appointments to you, who have done so to me; therefore I have accepted a gratuitous secretary, of more erudition and dispatch, who can write under mine own roof. For many years I have done all in my power for you and yours; but you can no longer earn a continuance of my favours. I rather pity than blame you, but must not sacrifice myself."

This ill-timed fickleness sent Hernando away heart-sick. The peace which no public events had been able to shake, must fall before a couple of babies, whom he loved but the more for the pangs they cost him. If Inez had, every year since their marriage, added to his family, even by occasional twins, he would have grown accustomed to, have been prepared for and provided against, that common fate of the poor; still he could not then have enjoyed so many of life's decencies; he could not have trained Marina as he had done. Having securely calculated on a certain sum, immediately, from Don Gomez, Hernando was, perforce, and slightly, in debt. As much as he owed, was owed to himself and wife. He would sell his mule, pay all, and collect his dues, on foot.

Padre Pedro bought the animal, and its accoutrements, at an inadequate price, which he called "*twice the value*; but his fault was on the right side."

Persons able, and willing, it may be, to settle with their creditor, Hernando, always happened to be from home. Suspense and defeat requited his pilgrimages. Nor Diana, nor Nimrod, with all their zest for Sport, could ever have relished the ungracious and oft fruitless chase called "*Money Hunting*." Much sympathy was expressed, and some evinced, towards this falling family. Their pride was not

stronger than their gratitude, yet it was hard to welcome common necessities, as compassionate alms, while conscious of energies which ought to have commanded the elegancies of life. Marina, one spring day, returning from some errand, said indignantly—

"Whenever I now pass the house of that hideous, niggardly, book-worm, its jealousies are partly unclosed, as if he loved to mark the distress he has enhanced; his new secretary, perhaps, may help him to outwit his so-called brother, and the Italian poisoner. It may be some female, Don Gomez' intended bride."

"Hush, child," cried Padre Pedro, who was present. "He *was* your father's benefactor; nothing should have interfered with your conciliating him. He purposed an almost incredible stretch of magnanimity in your behalf, as son Arquua ought to have seen. You yourself, Marina, were the (wink) intended bride."

"I!" she exclaimed; "if you are not mistaken, Padre, as, excuse me, I think you must be, I am almost reconciled to his taking offence against us; but my parents, let our woes increase as they may, would not sell me, body and soul, to one I could neither love nor respect."

"You are right," sighed Hernando; but Inez, with tearful eyes, continued—

"Yet to think that you, who could so grace an amended station, must now lose even the little proprieties to which you have been bred."

"Nay, droop not, mother of my heart!" returned Marina; "have you not made me richer in nature's holy ties? Do you think I would lose one of my precious darlings, to be made an Empress? No, no, let us do our duty cheerfully, and rely on God!"

Marina had long known, by sight, an old, but tall and powerful Moorish woman, named Zoräy, an itinerant vender of medicines, cosmetics, and perfumes, reputed as a cunning doctress; but winked about by Father Pedro, as "a tamperer with virtue, an emissary for lawless lovers, a remover of disowned offspring."

Zoräy now began to waylay Marina, with compliments and suggestions of indefinite hope, which the incorruptible, but abashed, maid angrily silenced.

A more acceptable commiseratress of her afflictions was the worthy Dame Carmen, long in charge of a villa in the vicinity, which had lately been sold to a gentlewoman, who retained the housekeeper. This lady was heard of but as the Dona Floribel, which name, and a certain softness of accent, assured the domestic, either that she was not a Spaniard, or, had lived long away from her native land. She was visited every evening by a youth of singularly commanding, yet cordial presence; to this Carlos she seemed passionately attached. Carmen concluded that they were wed, though, as the heroine might have some seven or ten years "*advantage*" of the hero, they might wish to conceal their tie. Padre Pedro could see things more plainly with one eye shut.

Dona Floribel had heard of Marina, and wished her to bring her guitar one evening, and sing at the villa.

The girl was unhabituated to parade her modest talents before strangers, superiors; in *some* respects, might not this Dona be her

inferior? She consulted her parents and Padre Pedro. The latter replied—

“Tut, she may employ you; in these times it is your duty to do any thing honest—to make friends and money. If she have ‘a multitude of sins,’ her ‘charity’ to the innocent will ‘cover’ them.”

“Go, I will stay with your mother, dear,” concluded Arqua; and Marina’s scruples yielded without expiring. There is no deeper degradation for the chaste, nor, up to a certain age, a more dangerous one, than to be forced by interest to ask favours of those whose conduct is either equivocal or unequivocally licentious. The more amiable and benign they are, the more they confuse what should be woman’s distinctions between right and wrong. Marina, whose principles could defy the flattering hints of old Zorây, might almost have embraced vice in such a shape as the Dona Floribel’s.

Our fastidious cottager was half displeased with herself at feeling overawed by the first sight of this superb and radiant lady, who towered above her, like a Queen, though in unadorned black velvet; yet so gracious was her address, so fascinating her smile, that the girl’s courage revived. This was a Pallas, a Juno, not a Venus.

“Marina,” she began, “I know much of your unpretending goodness, your candid disposition, and filial piety; adhere to that course, and the Lord will raise you up friends. Compose yourself, and speak to me, you need not sing, if you feel nervous, though I should be your only visible audience. I would not have Don Carlos here, to converse with, and be seen by you. Indeed, after thirty, the vainest belle should beware of braving a contrast with rose-buds like yourself. You do well to wear your own emblem in your ‘bright curls.’”

The speaker, though a brunette, with aquiline profile and voluptuous form, did not look twenty-five. Marina could pay her no vulgar adulation; but, after a blushing bow, faltered—

“Ah, ma Dona, all in which I could desire to be thought your equal were in the power, by a tone, a look, to revive hope in the breasts of the unfortunate.”

“I would rather bid you fear as to your beauty,” returned the young matron, “which, doubtless, exposes you to peril and temptation.”

“Should it *ever* do so, ma dona, I will, with God’s grace, prove my gratitude to Him, for being not ugly nor deformed, by keeping myself above shame, with whatever tests He may see fit to try my weakness.”

“Excellent!” cried Floribel, as the good Carmen brought in a tray with coffee, ices, fruit, wine, and cakes, which the hostess pressed Marina to partake with her. How the poor girl wished such dainties were, that instant, before her dear mother. As if the lady guessed her thoughts, she said, gaily—

“Here is a pretty, light basket, which will just hold the remains of our little repast; you shall take it home, love, and be with me by noon to-morrow, that I may busy your needle on a dress or two. No thanks, unless you can sing them to me.”

Marina, too deeply blessed for lays of love or war, chose a hymn to the Virgin, supposed to be the thanksgiving of Sailors just saved from

wreck. Floribel was obviously affected ; she took the girl's hand, kissed her open forehead, and uttered, with some hesitation—

"We must meet often ; all I can, and *ought* to do, I will, dear child. Your parents have taught you nobly ; they may well pride in such a daughter."

With a heart overflowed by fresh and commendable gratifications, Marina left the villa. Time had sped so imperceptibly that it was now night ; but a cloudless sky, lit by a broad summer moon, rendered her descent of the rocky hill safe and easy. Fearlessly she approached one of those caves dedicated, by the votaries of Marvel, to spectre horses, enchanted hounds, or goblin damsels. At the entrance of this one, however, she beheld, prostrated on the earth, a turbaned figure, and heard, to her amaze, these words :—

"This is the eve—the moon is full. Oh, for a spotless handmaiden ! Allah grant it may be Marina Arqua !"

The voice was that of Zoräy ; her theme longed to hide herself, and avoid this disreputable claimant of her acquaintance ; but Zoräy had heard steps, started up, recognized, seized the girl, and, glancing all over her, raved joyously, "Both food and music ! a virgin of unstained conscience ! Great is Allah ! it was written, Thou canst not 'scape the high and happy doom for which thou art selected. Come with me !"

Marina struggled in vain to free herself from the grasp of one she now supposed a maniac ; she thought it best to humour a creature she could not choose but pity, therefore said, persuasively—

"Good Zoräy, that angel, Dona Floribel, has sent this basket to my ailing mother, from whom I have already been too long absent ; she will be terrified, perhaps, to death, if I delay. I have read that the Moors inculcated filial obedience."

"True, but this one lapse will make thy parents rich. A King—for ages captive to a magic bann. Last night it was revealed to me that once a year, on this eve's anniversaries, he will henceforth be permitted to feed, speak, move, till dawn ; but may only be approached by such as thee—Sing to him ! Nay, Inez has had a dream that thou art to be away till morning. Break then the charm, and re-enthroned him in his adored Granada. Refuse, and I shall be sure that thou hast not the boldness of immaculate maidhood. I will proclaim that some lover has already sullied the current of thy days."

It would, in one sense, have been politic for Marina to have left this charge uncontradicted, and so have ridded herself of her insane persecutress ; but, obeying a natural impulse, she cried—

"As I hope for Heaven I have never yet felt any affection so warm, or less pure, than what I cherish for my kindred."

"Then thou art ours, for this night," concluded the vigorous Zoräy ; by resistless force binding a kerchief over the eyes of her prey, and throwing that delicate frame across her brawny shoulders. Marina screamed for succour, but no one came to her rescue. Some Moorish words were in her ear, her limbs and voice failed, as if beneath an incantation. Down winding steps she was hurried ; yet the air of this subterranean realm was neither chill nor unsavoury.

In a few seconds she was set on her feet. Zoräy clapped her hands thrice; a quick sound followed; and, even through the bandage. Marina was sensible of light. Zoräy thrust her forward, a portal was heard to close between them. Marina tore the linen from her eyes, and fell to the earth.

### CHAPTER III.

When all that we have through life derided, as the inventions of illiterate credulity, incompatible with the wisdom, justice, and mercy of nature's God, seems realized before our eyes, we doubt our own sanity, the evidence of our own senses. All seems a fanciful vision, or a barbarous delusion, practised on us by some ingenious fellow creature. Such conflicting thoughts chased each other through the brain of Marina, that it was some time ere she had more than a bewildered consciousness of the objects around her. She knelt in a lofty grotto, illumined by a large and glorious lamp; its rays reflected, from wall and roof, by multitudes of glittering and variegated spars, and a crystal stream, which musically trickled from the top, into a snowy marble bath, of exquisite design; in the centre of the floor, which was covered by elegant matting, and Moorish carpets, stood a circular table, inlaid with "ebon, ivory, and mother of pearl"—on it were chalices of gold, and caskets of silver, heaped with large antique coin, and minutely-wrought chains, to which were suspended jewels, of every description. Beside this table appeared a high throne-like chair, at its feet an ottoman, both softly padded with elaborate tissue; giving forth a fragrance, as if every embroidered flower thereon had there contributed its breath to complete the illusion. On that throne, one foot on that cushion, the elbow of the left arm, which supported his head, leaning on that table, sat a Moor, whose right hand held a drawn scymetar; he was habited with the splendour due to martial regality; his light armour was of azure steel, traced with gold Arabesques; in his turban was an aigrette of emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. His olive cheek, and sable beard, the profound melancholy of his brilliant dark eyes, contrasted strangely with the juvenile beauty of his earnest and classic visage. By degrees the presence of Marina seemed dispelling his motionless trance; he laid down his sword, rose slowly, and stretched his arms towards her, with the most supplicating look, but spoke not, nor appeared to breathe. Starting up, in very desperation, she tottered forward, and laid her fingers on his, which were colder, and became as tremulous as her own. The contact thrilled to her heart. With a long heavy sigh her mystic companion uttered, in tones of perfect melody—

"Marina Arquä; bless thee!"

"No," she retorted; "neither the blessing of one among Zoräy's libertine employers, nor of a being so supernatural as you would have me believe you, can be more than an empty, or an ill-omened sound. You are a mortal, like myself; then, by the All Good, in whom we must both believe, I conjure you break not the hearts of my parents, by detaining me here one instant. Let me not fear that I am imprisoned for ever—buried alive—that is too horrible a dread!"

"Sit, Sultana of my soul!" said the Moor; "fear nothing. Not

for a throne immortal would I insult thee by a look. Too soon thou wilt be safe, in the arms of thine envied relatives."

"You pain, and offend me, every moment, till I am released," cried Marina: "why was I forced hither?"

"Houri of Light, Powers which I cannot control are shaping my destiny, from without, and one within will not let me lose thee, as soon as found. Love renders me too selfish; forgive thy slave!"

"Is it then possible that such things are permitted?" asked the late sceptic.

"Yes, flower of Paradise! and for a good end. Consider with satisfaction that thou hast served a sinless sufferer; take, with my deathless gratitude, as much of yon dross as will make those dear to thee happy; it is not accursed; will bring them no evil. How can I requite thee for this tempting banquet?"

He bowed his head upon her fairy hands, and kissed them tenderly.

"I will accept no reward, save freedom," exclaimed the girl.

"Well, my Star, we can fly together; if thou wilt let me teach thee, for virgin christian lips alone can give them power; the words by which I, with all my subjects, should repossess ourselves of this soil, and that beloved Alhambra, where I would make thee queen, mine only bride, with the authors of thy being advanced to corresponding dignities!"

"Know, who and whatso'er thou art," said Marina, "that we would all rather perish of starvation, than owe relief to the most venial swerving from honour; we are not, then, the slaves who would abet the blasphemies of foul magicians, or aid any unchristian ravagers of our native land. Nor threats, nor bribes, could sink our souls so low. We will live or die for *this*!"

She pressed to her lips a little sandal-wood crucifix, which hung round her neck.

"Angel!" sighed the Moor; "were I a demon or a necromancer, I should either vanish or writhe in agony at sight of that sign; but, while it bids me repent, it inspires me with the hope of atoning for my faults. They were neither mean nor malicious. If I cannot truly assert that I never outraged veracity, I may assure thee that I always abhorred lying, and served the cause of justice. I loathe the idea of extorting, from fear or fancy, what I fain would owe to thy confiding reason. Such a Saint might convert me to *any* faith. Music, it was written, would greatly influence my lot. Sing, then, Marina, or I shall believe in the miracle, that such a frame is not warmed by benevolence."

"Alas!" returned his hearer, somewhat softened; "in the cause of religion I would essay as much as became me; but conscience attests that my first of duties is claimed by my parents now. Besides, terror has robbed me of all power."

"Lend *me* thy guitar, then," he said, taking it, ere she could oppose. Never had the instrument given forth such rich and varied notes as those he drew from its strings; so unlike the monotonous music of Spain! But, when he sang, his listener was inebriated, as with seraphic harmonies. His words were simple, but they proved only too affecting.

"Yes, thou wilt fly, for all angels have wings,  
 But the bliss thou hast lent me, I ne'er can forget;  
 Thine image will soften my memory's stings,  
 And peace, with Marina, seem dwelling here yet.  
 Then wed with thy virtues some pity for me,  
 That, after a fresh year, of exile and pain,  
 I may hope for another brief respite with thee,  
 Then, gen'rous and gentle one, meet me again!"

Marina sat mute, without will or power to move.

"Thou canst promise me that, at least, Gazelle of Eden!" pleaded the Moor.

"No, cruel being!" she cried, starting up, rallying her mental forces; "unsettle not my reason. My parents would never consent to my coming hither; and I can neither have any secret from them, nor act in defiance of their wishes, always reasonable, if not too indulgent."

"And you will do nothing, even to prove your wish of making me a Christian?"

"I will kneel to all the affluent and devout friends I have, that gold and prayers may win our Holy Church to exorcise down this bann, and receive thee into her bosom!"

"But, personally, thou canst not now venture to reverse the direful sentence, 'we part to night, for ever;' does it cost *thee* no regret, Marina?"

"A blessed sentence," answered the maid, discreetly, "were, 'we part, at once, to meet no more, in *this* world.' I regret, as a crime, that I could not avoid being dragged hither. I repent every breath that I draw here; but, should you strive to merit our reunion in Heaven, most grateful to our pardoning Father shall I be to hail you there."

"Then my better self," he eagerly articulated, "leave me the Cross which nestles in thy beauteous breast."

"Oh," she sobbed, as he secured it, "that was a gift from Don Gomez; I promised never to part with it."

"Don Gomez!" repeated the Moor, sadly,—"some young and favoured lover of thine?"

"Indeed he is almost old, and I dislike him; yet though, had he sued me, I would not have been his, I dare not make him more wrath than at present with my father."

"Your father may find abler friends, admirable Marina. I must have this, and thy guitar too."

"Spare that," wept the girl, "the only solace for our gloom."

"Thou canst sing without it. Those who hear thee even speak, each dulcet accent expressing such intellect, such pious, kind morality, they need not envy kings. In charity, Marina, say, wilt thou remember me?"

"Not if I *can* forget."

"Wilt thou ever marry another?"

"Another!" she echoed, bitterly; "wert thou free, of mine own creed, I could neither aspire to thy rank, nor share the fortunes of one who ever had been *thus*; even this meeting renders my *own* fate unfit to be shared with *any* man. While my parents live, or my brothers need me, I am theirs; then will I retire to a cloister, and implore our Lady to prepare my soul for death!"

"Meanwhile, Marina, however estranged or reluctant thy heart may be, by day, when I visit the dreams of thy guileless pillow, wilt thou not greet me with pitying prayers?"

"I shall pray *against* thine influence, Moor! unless it be like the affection of a sister for a lost brother."

"No, my soul's life! it is love!" he fervently uttered.

"That cannot be," she exclaimed; "I have often thought how I could love a fellow being, of mine own station; how, were our tie approved by those we were bound to revere, I could confront danger, toil, penury; life cannot be *bare* life, with an esteemed husband, and his dear babes. Thou hast blotted out all such prospects for me. I forgive thee. I shall never meet thine idea with one hostile repining; but it will bring with it sensations more sublime, more disinterested than those of weak, earthly passion,—now, let me depart!"

The Moor paused, gazed on her, and then somewhat coldly resumed—

"One more amicable office will I impose on thy superhuman goodness. I honour the severities which confirm my woe; but—Zoräy, should she live, or, if dying, she might confide the truth to another—so that when *the* eve again comes round, some less austere damsel, learning that I still look young, nor quite revolting, might need no force to bid her bring me a repast."

Marina, at these words, felt a disgust, shame, anger, and grief which she had never before experienced. Ingenuous as she was, she could feign no sentiment, and hardly guessed how many she concealed, as she solemnly retorted,—

"If thou hast any zeal for Christianity, teach—*her* not the spell which would involve Spain in added discords, nor keep—*her* with thee, to the peril of her eternal rest—to the ruin of all thy worth, and hope of a happier hereafter. Oh, I should *hate* thee, if—"

"If deprived of thee, though certain that I can never think any woman thine equal, if, longing for society, converse, *love*, to divert my recollections from thy loss, I admitted some pretty guest?"

Marina covered her face in despair.

"Tell Zoräy," he went on, "that I am a black, ferocious, sensual old phantom; that may prevent such visit."

"I cannot tell a falsehood," cried Marina.

"That, at least, is friendly, and noble. Then command Zoräy, from me, to send no one. I would not admit an earthly divinity. I will swear to indulge a passionate wish for none save thee. I will take an oath to become a Christian, by my mother's soul, and keep it sacred, if thou wilt, in return, confess that the pangs of *Jealousy* have taught thee to acknowledge the Empire of Love!"

Marina, in agonized confusion and alarm, rushed towards the portal, but it was closed—she could not escape. The Moor enfolded her in a courteous and delicate embrace,—his resplendent eyes expressed the depth of his devotion.

"Ill starred being," whispered Marina, "I am well nigh thy mate in misery; nay, *I* shall have *no* respite of insensibility. Not once a year, but every hour, day, and night, must I recal this extraordinary interview. Tell me some name by which to bless thee with my latest sigh."

"Mine own Marina! as my speech betrays I have journeyed o'er far lands; one of my titles was 'The Bud of the Thorn's Flower,' so, as a Spanish christian name, call me—'The long-bellied Rosaro.'"

"Rosaro!" wildly repeated Marina, "and canst thou not, without guilty aid, without warring on my countrymen, come forth *with me*?"

"No, dearest, I am now thy captive."

"Remain so, then; for I will free thee without sin, or leave my future joyless, as, *if* this must be our last hour together, here below, it will be!"

"One reconciling blessing I can prescribe for thee, my Shrine—hast thou no friend of thine own sex, with whom to taste the sweets of mutual confidence?"

"Oh, yes," said Marina, with almost infantine *naïveté*, "my mother."

"Sweet child, thy mother, however worthy and attached, may have little time, inclination, or, pardon me, knowledge wherewith to console thee. The pouring of thy sorrows into her breast would only double the grief of both, and prevent her doing justice by thy father and their babes. I am no prophet, but, from my remembrance of life, I think thou wilt win the regard of a congenial mind, yet more educated, more experienced, to whom thy feelings may be trusted, without the restraint a daughter must feel, when confiding her weakness to one possessing the authority of a parent."

"True," admitted Marina, "this very eve was I made known to one of equal wisdom and amiability. I will tell the divine Dona Floribel, without presuming to bid her keep it from her husband, which would be wrong; but, besides these, I cannot hide any fact from my parents or my Confessor."

In vain he entreated her secrecy; she was inflexible; at last he said, reproachfully, "Perhaps thou mayst promise that, before noon, thou wilt neither point out nor even describe the site of this cave."

"I will not," she replied, "and now release me!"

"I do, to meet a long life of proud prosperity."

"Mock not, Rosaro! Adieu! Fare thee well! in a better sphere well may we both fare! We are not separating hopelessly."

The Moor, after one ardent but wordless caress, thrice clapped his hands, and the door flew back. Marina, late so impatient to be gone, stood irresolute for a few seconds ere she could leave the side of this godlike King; then, with sudden determination, she stepped over the threshold. The former rapid sound ensued again; they were sundered. Zoräy received her, bound her eyes; Marina resisted not, spoke not; the bandage felt stiff, cold, and heavy; a sickening sense of suffocation was at her heart. Her overtasked nerves could bear no more; she fainted.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Let not my young heroine be canonized for her deportment throughout the trying scene she had just undergone. Her sense of duty, so strong in a contest with this Spell-bound Moor, might not so well have stood the siege of a human, christian equal, in upper air. *Per contra*,

she might not so soon have confessed her love, had it been elicited by less strange, less ethereal attributes. The high qualities evinced by Rosaro would have commanded her worship, had she beheld him in the russet weeds fit for a hermit's cell. Yes, *Him*, it were absurd to pretend that the mental moralist's youth and beauty added no weight to turn the scale in his favour, though the glittering wonders by which he was surrounded excited more fear than admiration.

When Marina revived, she felt herself carried a few paces, then laid softly down. A strong essence saturated the kerchief over her eyes, she murmured the name of Zoräy.

"You are safe," was the reply; then were heard receding steps; the girl uncovered her lids, just as the Moorish woman was getting out of sight. Dawn showed the door of Hernando. His child rose to her knees, and, after thanking God for her preservation, proceeded to relieve the minds of her family. Hernando, in his night-gown, let her in, uttering, through a yawn—

"Returned already?"

"Already, father!" sighed the perplexed girl.

"Yes, scarcely wert thou gone when Carmen sent Zoräy to say that thou wouldst remain at the villa to work for Dona Floribel: but thou art pale; where is thy cross, thy guitar, and what dost thou hold so convulsively?"

Marina shook the kerchief on her lap; from it, to her painful surprise, rolled several massive gold Moorish coins, and four rings, set with large precious stones, of various dyes.

"Why this is a too munificent donation," cried the overjoyed father, "or price, from the Dona, for thy little possessions; so, thou hast hurried home before the light."

"Take me to my mother, and I will tell all," was Marina's answer.

Her astounding narrative occupied some time; though she suppressed the love passages, and indicated not the grotto's locality. None of the Arquas could trace these events to natural causes; the most probable one was this; as, but for the unaccountable gold and gems, all might have passed for a distempered dream; and as Zoräy was suspected of possessing treasures, though very loath to be so accused, it seemed possible that she, by some drugs or arts, had thrown Marina into what has since been called "Magnetic sleep," and filled her brain with fantasies, as a cover for endowing her with gifts, which the Moorish woman dared not tender openly; nor would such have been received from her, by the scrupulous Arquas. They would send for her privately, and try to sift the truth, before they consulted even Padre Pedro.

The clock struck eight soon after they came to this decision, and finished their frugal breakfast; scarcely had they done so, when a couple of Alguazils, dragging Zoräy between them, entered the cottage of Arqua, claiming his daughter, also, as their prisoner.

"Both these women having been detected in treasure seeking, by means of heretical necromancy, the most Holy Inquisition must be informed thereon, and settle the punishment of these impious witches."

The Alcalde and Padre Pedro already awaited them at the house of Don Gomez de Sebastianos, he being the person of most learning and importance at hand, and the one best acquainted with the previous career

of the Arquas. Was this the prosperity foretold by Rosaro? The overwhelmed Inez was too ill to quit her house and infants, though yearning to be beside Marina, on this dread occasion. She, though her worst grief was that of being separated from her mother, bore up firmly; and, under Hernando's protection, sought the abode of Don Gomez. The little Grandee looked spiteful, Padre Pedro sullen, his lids closing and reopening, with more than their wonted activity, especially at sight of the Morisco spoil which Arqua laid before these judges. Zoräy was first examined, the Alcalde writing down all that was said. She avowed the violence she had used with Marina; gloried in having sent comfort to "a true believer," but would say no more; except vehemently but fruitlessly demanding by whom she had been detected and denounced. Marina, without breathing a syllable against Zoräy, related her tale, clearly.

"Culprits," drawled Gomez, "there is one easy expiation in your power; lead us directly to this cave, or indicate its position; exert once more your diabolical methods of unclosing it: let the state and the Church be benefited by its contents, and a free pardon may evince the mercy of our Catholic Mother."

"No torture," replied Marina, "shall wring any account of that cave from my lips before noon; and then, as I am a Christian, I know of no means to open it. Oh may our blessed Church discover such, and free a worthy, willing convert!"

"By Allah," laughed Zoräy, "nor words, nor hatchets, can put ye in possession of those hoards, noon or night."

"We will try that!" sneered Gomez.

Marina, really exhausted, refused to stir till eleven, and, even then, would not walk. The priest volunteered the loan of her old acquaintance, his mule, on which she was supported by Zoräy, while Hernando led the animal up the parched Sierra, attended by Alguazils, Gomez, Pedro, and the Alcalde, provided with torches, and the means of kindling them, followed in the Don's rickety old coach, which Zoräy stopped, as it neared the cave. It was now noon. Threats of "the Question" intimidated the Moorish woman into preceding the party. She muttered some Arab words, and struck thrice at the portal within. Marina's heart beat violently. Was she so soon again to see her love? But would he be speechless, motionless?

"I have brought my breviary, and some holy water, child," said Pedro, winking. The grotto stood disclosed before them; but with no King, no treasures, no throne, table, bath, fountain, or lamp. Marina was now convinced that all had been unreal. Gomez, Pedro, and the Alcalde stepped in to explore; there might be some concealed passage. They bade the others enter. Zoräy whispered, with a laugh, "Stay, ye Arquas! I can shut the rest up, as amusements for my prince."

"Hold, for the love of Heaven! be not so vindictive," pleaded Marina; "Christians, come back this instant, or ye are lost!"

The trio tumbling against each other, hurried towards their warning friend; the portal was gradually narrowing; no sooner had they repassed it than it slammed, and so firmly that no one had courage to make a second attempt at scrutinizing the interior of the cave. They regained the hill's side.

"The hole smelt like mummy," quoth Gomez. "Marina, thou hast preserved an useful and valuable life, to Science and to Letters." "Another to justice and order," added the Alcalde, nodding.

"True," went on Pedro, "and, besides this worshipful Senor, and this civil, yet unpurchasable Alcalde, thou hast saved my zealous, nor unlearned self, to our beneficent Church; but for thee, we should all have been swallowed up in the twinkling of an eye, therefore," (with his accustomed sign, the wink, not the cross,) "listen, Don! listen, Alcalde, to me!" (The father and child felt their spirits revive.) "This hideous old infidel, for menacing our lives, merits the loss of her own; her sacrilegious nostrums are damnable impostors. 'Secresy and dispatch? nor hindrance of business? nor alteration of diet?' ye wrinkled caitiff! my fingers *itch* to make you repent your lies, you poisoning Camiola! and then," (half aside, with *both* eyes at work,) "'Never be troubled about it again?' to the tune of a heavy purse per quarter, besides recommendations for doles, while I was as innocent as a sucking babe?"

This *tirade* drew peals of laughter from Gomez, the Alcalde, and even old Zoräy herself. The suspense of the Arquas grew almost intolerable.

"Your criminating Zoräy *thus*, Padre," said Gomez, "exculpates not Marina from the charge before us, nor does her saving our lives; though I cannot, soon and readily, make sure that the flesh, whose lilies our sun hath spared, ought to be scorched and consumed at the fiery stake of an Auto da Fé."

Hernando and Marina clung shudderingly to each other. Padre Pedro resumed—

"To that point was I coming. She had apparitions thrust on her; yon hag's tricks have clouded her memory; but she *will* remember that Dona Floribel bought the crucifix and guitar, with *one* of those rings, bidding her give the rest of the costly charge to me, for the advantage of charity, religion, and—"

"Law," put in the laconic Alcalde.

"Indisputably, the law shall be feed."

"And science also," said Gomez; "some of those coins and jewels may not disgrace my museum."

"Respected son, I am taking care of the whole, for our common good, according to the donor's purpose, you know, Marina?"

"I only know that Donna Floribel was *not* the donor," answered the girl, bravely.

"Fie, child, thy faculties still wander; the lady, so urbane and bounteous, will be prepared to *say* that *she* recollects the purchase, and the message, touching the surplus. She took a fancy to thy cross, and instrument, though they were common looking ones; we see fifty such a day, here; but she may have sent them to friends living where they would be rarities; we will not be so unpolite as to insist on her producing the articles, her word shall suffice. Let Marina speak with her alone, on the matter, mine illustrious son."

"Let Marina speak her own opinion, ere I give mine," said the Don drily.

"Then," she replied, "though I thank your intention, Padre, could

I believe that pity would tempt Dona Floribel to bear such false witness for me, I should not prize her regard as I do. I must live or die frank, as she now knows me."

"Mighty well," sneered Gomez; "thou blind to thine own interest; we will confront thee with this idol of thine."

They were soon at the villa. He entreated to speak with its mistress, 'on affairs of life and death.' She admitted the party, who found her alone; to the strangers her demeanour was cold and distant, save that she received Hernando kindly, expressing great interest in the situation of his child, but almost laughing at the nature, or rather at the derivation from nature, which marked all that Don Gomez recapitulated, till he observed, haughtily—

"Nevertheless, noble Lady, on these grounds may that girl suffer imprisonment, perhaps a speedy, shameful, and fiery death."

"Can she face that glare without blinking?" groaned Pedro, dazzled by anticipation.

"At best her repute, and that of her family, is ruined; for, say all do not hold her as given over to the Devil, her being connected with that Zoräy is enough. What man, of her own grade, *could* espouse one who will be constantly under the eyes of Inquisitors? What rich man, who might salve all this, *would* blend his lot with her's now? There was a time—but slighted friends may become deadly foes. God help her!"

"Gladly would I be His minister," sighed Floribel, "but I deem myself wholly dependent on my Carlos. I dare not shelter her under the same roof with one so susceptible to youthful beauty; she is right in guessing that I would not forswear myself. We might assist her parents, if—if you think that any convent would now receive her."

Arqua thought this proposal rather heartless, but Marina sighed meekly—

"Bless you, lady, let *them* but regain the means of living by their own industry, and, as I cannot endow a cloister, let me be a menial to the most rigid sisterhood, and take the veil at once."

Don Gomez blew his crooked little nose—

"Umph, hem, haw!" he hesitated; "and could you renounce liberty, dress, dancing, love, to get nothing but coarse black bread, in exchange for your fine brown hair?"

"Yes, without a merit; for I have now no vanities, no earthly hopes, to sacrifice. As I have brought this trouble on my family, it were best that I should be removed out of the way of slander. The Abbess would let me see and speak with my dear ones sometimes, through the grate; we might interchange tears and kisses, now and then, though seldom—"

Her courage failed her, at this prospect; she wept on her father's neck.

"Marina," recommenced Gomez, "I can tell you a way to silence scandal, yet keep the society of those you love, and dispense consolation to beings circumstanced as ye are now; one irreproachable act would do all this."

"Is it possible, Senor? Oh, name it!"

"Marry me."

Marina stood like one turning to stone.

"Most august son!" raved Pedro, "canst thou brave the world's scorn, so to uplift a low-born, poor girl, convicted of such mal-practices?"

"I will; friend Hernando, what say you?"

"I humbly thank your unlooked-for condescension—but leave the child to answer for herself."

"Though," pleaded Floribel, "you must wish her to accept so disinterested an offer."

Still Marina stood dumb.

"No previous contract?" asked the Alcalde.

She shook her head.

"Nor any silly liking, at her years," added Pedro, with increased activity of eye-lash.

"For thy mother's sake, choose not death," urged Hernando, though no less terrible alternative could have reconciled him to her wedding Gomez, who now, taking her hand, said—

"My dove, I anticipate not waking in thy breast such passion as girls feel for well-looking boys; but time, and the sense of having done thy duty by thy kindred, and their best friend, will soon reconcile thee to living with a husband so liberal, even-tempered, and cheerful, as thou shalt find me. Speak!"

"Oh, Senor," burst forth Marina, falling at his feet, "I am too grateful to make so ill a return for your goodness, to overshadow your name, to burden you with a slave, a victim, a haunted creature, for so shall I be till death. That Moor, that beautiful Rosaro!"

"Fandangos, child! a strapping water-carrier were more like to make me rub my brow. That Moor shall guard *my* treasure, as well as his own; while thou broodest o'er his fancied presence, we can defy all the bodily gallants, who may assail thy fidelity; even I am a stripling, to your courtier of Boabdil's. Love thy Moor, as much and as long as thou canst; but—marry *me*. Give me a son; he will win thy affection, and prevent Cardenio from inheriting the bulk of my father's fortune."

"Aye," took up Pedro, "shall an unchristian dream interfere with our defeat of these two Italian poisoners; that imp is no more Don Manuel's son than—I am."

"Stop, holy Pedro," said Gomez, "fair play! I have never yet shown you a letter, which I received soon after we heard of my father's decease. Read it now, *pro bono publico*, for, though it has little reference to the cause before us, I wish Marina to know all my family affairs, and even the Dona Floribel not to suppose that *any* Sebastianos was ever allied with cruel or licentious usurpers. Read!"

The priest took a letter, and perused it aloud—

"Terni — —"

"To the Don Gomez de Sebastianos.

"Senor,—I was, for upwards of twenty years, the intimate, and legal adviser of your late father; but he told neither myself, nor even the Signora Camiola d'Istria, of your existence; had she guessed that, by accepting his hand, she could injure the fortunes of any one, she would decidedly have refused it, for, though the young orphan had never

loved another, even had she not been affluent, as she was, she could not have acted with selfishness. For the first year after their union, delicate health kept her from society; within that period their son was born. Her respect, confidence, and duty, were devoted to her husband, all the ardent tenderness of her disposition to Cardenio, who strongly resembles both his parents. I have watched her narrowly, impartially. No *cavalier servente* ever disgraced her side; adored by many of her most engaging countrymen, far from feeling tempted, she was sincerely grieved and displeased by their love, and always turned her wit against mere flattery. Chance, but a fortnight since, introduced Cardenio to a traveller, who had met you. The facts of your insufficient fortune, and unjust opinions, contended not with each other, in the breasts of your innocent wrongers. The young Signor fled to me, having left his mother urging her husband to alter his testament in your favour; her dower would more than content *them*. We returned together, and united our voices, 'Wrong not the memory of your first wife, beloved,' cried Camiola, 'nor your own feelings, by still estranging yourself from the son of your youth.' 'My dear brother is your heir,' added Cardenio, 'I should regard him as a second father; it was not by a zest for vice or folly that he lost your precious affection; and I swear, that, out of the d'Istria property, he shall be restored to the wealth he ought so long to have enjoyed.' Don Manuel was evidently moved, and promised to consider of it, but would do nothing from impulse. Alas, the next day a fall from his horse killed him on the spot; had he lived but to witness the grief of his wife and son, that must have crowned their wishes for you with success. The funeral over, Cardenio, just of age, resolved on, for once, reversing the wishes of his sire. Camiola even assured him that he would not be so doing, that Don Manuel must have intended to reinstate you, and that his spirit would now approve such disobedience to what *had* been his erring purpose on earth. Though I am certain that she will never re-marry, I think it right that Cardenio should retain a slight independence of her; he has resisted this, and finally settles two thirds of the Sebastianos possessions on you, asking only your fraternal friendship, which, if you allow him, he will shortly seek in person, accompanied by the noble widow. Awaiting your reply, I offer you, Senor, my congratulations, and am your servant, unknown—

" SILVIO DE MAGRINI."

"There," said Gomez, "all very magnanimous—but I returned no answer, for why should I have to thank, as a gift, what I may seize as a right, the moment a son is born to me? eh, Marina!"

"I am, if possible," she replied, "more determined than ever against the step you propose, by learning that it might defraud persons of such generous probity. For your own sake, Don Gomez, accept their offer, and welcome as your heir a brother who might, in age, be your son!"

"So, you dictate to me, who hold your life in my power? Alcalde, to you I commit the other prisoner; see that she eludes not justice. Send a trusty Alguazil to the house of Arquá; for I shall not yet part that headstrong girl from her parents; do thou, also, Padre Pedro,

remain there; unite thy reasonings with theirs. I give Marina till this time to-morrow for reflection; if she is then ready to become the Dona de Sebastianos, as I foresee she will, for I'll make her dote on me, why, all is well. If she be still refractory, against a doom amended beyond aught that her family, at *best*, had ever a right to expect, I must inform those in power of her preference for death; and, whatever be the consequences, no blame can rest with me."

Marina bowed, in submissive fortitude. Dona Floribel humanely ordered that one of her carriages should convey back the Arquas and their priest. In a parting embrace the lady whispered to her young *protégée*—

"Courage, my child, attempt no escape till I send; I will risk mine *all* rather than leave thee without a preserver."

The fearless Zoräy seemed to divine and comprehend these words, unintelligible to her they addressed. The old Moor leered at the other females, with an odd chuckle, as the coach drove off. Arquas entreated Pedro to fly with Marina, and the rich proofs against her, by sea, to some place of security. The timid priest wavered; but the girl, herself, peremptorily refused to quit her home, and leave her parents to brave the wrath of Don Gomez. She had better hopes from Dona Floribel, and her presentiments, though indefinite, supported her agitated spirit.

#### CHAPTER V.

When the trembling Inez heard all, she clasped Marina to her heart, crying, "If harm befall thee I shall die; wilt thou widow thy father, and leave these innocents motherless? Dost thou not value thy young life, my beauteous blossom? Hernando, dearest, *command* her to spare us all!"

"While she thinks that she could not marry Don Gomez without a sin? I devoutly pray that she may—relent; but, mine Inez, dearly as I love thee, and our children, I would rather we all expired, than stained our souls with a *real* crime."

"But, to be roasted for heterodoxy!" said Padre Pedro, solemnly.

"Nay," answered Marina, upborne by Floribel's strange promise, "the hazard is not so vast. I do fear for poor Zoräy, and that I shall be catechised, persecuted, confined. Don Gomez would extort my compliance by arraying against me the terrors of the Church; but nothing can be proved that would justify the Pope himself in taking my life."

"Hush, daughter," corrected Padre Pedro, "no rash words against *His* mild and salutary Institutions. Come, this is not a fast day; my share of your Morisco plunder will cover the little refection I shall allow ye. To-morrow ye may fare worse."

He gave Hernando a couple of dollars, bidding him fetch meat, bread, and wine, from a cook's. While he was absent a tap came at the door. Pedro himself attended it; a word or two in low tones passed, and the Padre returned, with a note, saying—

"Brought by the Alguazil, who is to be your keeper; from Don Gomez; you are to read it when alone, Marina."

She took the billet, which was sealed, but not directed, and returning to a dusky inner chamber, perused these words:—

"Dear Child,

Deceptions are excusable in extreme cases. Call up all your self-command, ready wit, and presence of mind. *Betray no surprise!* Confide yourself implicitly to the bearer, and you will soon be beyond the reach of your foes, without any blame attaching to your parents, whom *I* will protect. No lighter cause would induce me to lose *his* presence, for a single day.

Your friend,

FLORIBEL."

Marina's brain swam, with the reaction of her feelings. She began to understand the words of her benefactress. The bearer must be Don Carlos. This was owing more to female friendship than even the Moor predicted. Collecting all her faculties, she resolved to be guided entirely by this note, and called through the door, as if displeased and saddened,—

"Don Gomez *insists* on my seeing his messenger, my jailor, in private. Come in, Senor Alguazil."

Secretly she prayed Heaven to excuse her artifice.

A tall, muffled figure, with hat flapped over the brow, entered, shut the door after him, beckoned her to the room's furthest extremity, and in husky, scarce audible accents, began—

"Be prudent! a *cry* would ruin all. Prepare to meet *miracles*, in *silence*, and forgive *disguise*."

This might allude but to the present, yet there was something in his enunciation which startled her; she looked between the high close collar, and the slouched hat; fair, beardless cheeks, and chestnut curls, would have dispersed her misgivings, but that she caught one beam of the large, luminous, dark eyes; this directed her gaze to the profile, brows, and mouth. A faint groan burst from her pallid lips.

"Hush, for your life!" he murmured, "Obey your friend, confide in me, and we can fly together, instantly, from them *all*, mine own Marina!"

It was, indeed, the supposed Spell-bound Moorish king. A human Christian! this, if disclosed, would lend a clue to the stratagems by which she had been mystified, and terminate all her apprehensions from Church or law; but, by such exposure, should she not wound the bosom of the generous, the duped Dona Floribel? so rightfully tenacious of *his* fidelity? Had the husband of another, by barbarous wiles, extorted a maiden's love, and proposed an adulterous flight? Indignation, shame, and despair now trampled on the image which had been the chief obstacle to Don Gomez's suit. Marina darted one stern fierce look at Don Carlos, and uttered—

"Leave me, and let me be the only, as *I will* be the guiltless victim."

"Be calm, love!" he renewed, in the same subdued way, "let us speak in language plain to each other, yet misleading all evesdroppers. Suppressed voices will but commit us."

"I care not," she retorted, "but would, in truth, rather speak aloud, and openly."

"Then, Marina Arqua," he went on, assuming a formal manner,

"you, alone, must come with me to Don Gomez de Sebastianos this moment, if you wish to live—or, remember, *another* of my brethren may be sent for you."

"Senor," she answered, "I have lately learnt so much of the deceitful wickedness of mankind, that I will not leave my home. Let Don Gomez come to *me*. He is mine avowed enemy—at least I did think so; but I have foes who, in the guise of friendship, would undo me. Beyond my own kindred, the sole being on earth to whom I owe grateful faith, is the too relying Dona Floribel, and I will embrace the flaming pile rather than abuse her confidence; but I am not yet driven to such choices; since I now believe that I can not only clear myself, but ought to act as Don Gomez wishes."

"So would I counsel thee, Marina Arqua," resumed the pretended official, "*be* the Donna de Sebastianos! Let us seek thy lover, without further delay."

"No, I disown your authority, doubt your motives, and insist on the sanction of Padre Pedro's presence, while I must endure yours."

She opened the door and called the priest. Our gallant frowned, bit his lips, but was obliged to submit.

"You are too prudish, daughter," mumbled Pedro, through a mouthful of the meal he so reluctantly left; "you should not, even in trifles, thwart the will of Don Gomez, and tear me from my kid-flock, I mean, cold—from Sanchez Guzman's new eating house. I was giving consolation—very tender—for the time of year—on that best of texts—to those thou hast steeped in Malaga—in misery, I should say."

"She refuses to come with me, father, to the Don's," said Carlos, sulkily.

"A perverse girl, Al-calde-guazil! I devised two or three plots for screening her; the Saints pardon their failure! Let us all go back to table, and you shall have the breast of as fresh a pullet as ever wore feathers."

"Stop," interposed Marina; "ye may both feed fatly, when I am in my grave. I will not die unheard, though I would not pain the adorable Dona Floribel."

"A false name, pious father," cried the young Don; "and if she be the wife of the lad Carlos, at the end of her thirties—"

"Then is she a very ridiculous creature, my son; if not" (wink) "*worse*; is she a fit object for a virgin's admiration?"

"Enough for me, at present," said Marina, "that I unmask those I *know* to be sinners. Woe to the wretch who would deprive her of her *too* well beloved Carlos."

"Another alias," persevered that hero; "though not assumed to cheat, a pet name for shortness. It is my duty to know—much."

"But," said the friar, "when thou art *off* duty, dost thou not sometimes assist Don Gomez, as Hernando used to do? I once caught a moment's peep, through a hastily closed door, at a kind of Cavalier writing. Don Sebastianos laughed at me, as having taken one of his ancestral portraits for the new clerk; but now, thy Roman nose—"

"Right, pious Padre; the Nose is nearly Roman, and I am the man."

Shamelessly did Carlos vaunt this added treachery, and third travestie, by which, it appeared, he had stolen on the confidence of Don Gomez.

"The Senor, at least, shall know the truth," said Marina, "and Zoräy be saved, with myself, though she deserves reproof. Oh, to think that *I* should ever have been constrained to the companionship of such a creature!"

"As I am a Christian, fair damsel," exclaimed Carlos; "and, as I just now observed, it was my duty, though a stranger in this district, to *know*—even the secluded bookish Gomez, is certain that Zoräy's pursuits have been mistaken. She never was the agent of lawless passion. Her worst faults are having failed in removing certain unseemly letters from Padre Pedro's fingers, and expecting him to contribute towards the support of the widow Dolore's infant."

"No more of such idle prate," half laughed the Padre, "Come, Marina, Sebastianos is out of patience by this time."

"That I'll swear he is," added Carlos, "nay, now, a compromise. This good ecclesiastic may accompany us, and shall be well requited, for leaving his flock, or his one kid, but half devoured."

"Monster," gasped Marina, "what need, what right hast thou—what priest could hallow my departure with thee?"

"As this is all worse than nonsense to me," yawned Pedro, "I shall take my after dinner's forty winks."

"No, no," said Carlos, "wake to swear that thou wilt assist *me*, on *this*, and by *this*, they are thine!"

He drew forth the Gospels, magnificently illuminated, and bound; also a rosary of gold. Pedro, with devout avidity, thrust them into his breast, remarking,

"You must have come fairly by both; no ill deeds can be feared from one who pays Mother Church her due; but I am a man of sagacity, and you are no Alguazil. This is some adventurous enterprise."

"Most just, Padre, at the villa of Dona Floribel I am known as her dear Carlos."

"Ha, ha, my noble son! Go on! I am yours."

Marina, curious to learn by what arts she had been beguiled, purposed passive attention to the account of this *Charlatan*, who, heedless of the secrecy he at first enjoined, thus began—

"Business recently brought us to this place. We purchased that villa. In my walks I beheld Marina, whom to see is to love; but I sagely wished to know her intimately, ere I disclosed myself. I had advisers, who told me that, if I embarrassed her fortunes, I should ascertain her character; therefore, to supplant her father, I gave my gratuitous aid to the penurious Gomez, who told me of his designs on my young Goddess, and conceived a strong friendship for me, while ignorant of my birth; though I worked but little, as whenever his eye was off me, *mine* pierced through the jealousies, for a glimpse of this sweet form and face. Old Zoräy was easily bribed to suggest ideas of conquest, but brought me word that she was sure the maiden's necessities would never subdue her proper pride. To facilitate my aim I feed Carmen to tell Floribel of the Arqua's poverty, their daughter's beauty, and voice. The Dona sent for her, and, subsequently, my useful

Zoräy pretended that the fair embroidress might be detained all night at the villa. This quieted her family."

"Fiend!" cried Marina.

"Hear him out," said Pedro, fumbling his golden rosary. Carlos proceeded:—

"I overheard all that passed between Floribel and my destined prize; but, previously, had caused certain pieces of furniture to be conveyed into a grotto, whence, from the villa gardens, descend rude steps, over which the waters of a fountain can be trained to play. The cave's other mouth is in the hill side, as you now know. Its door opens by a spring, which may be set in motion either within or without, by those who know its position. The vessels of plate were filled with sand, nearly to their brims; then heaped with coin, furnished by Zoräy, and with trinkets, from the villa. All things were easily removed before noon. Marina, finding me with paint, beard, and a Carnival habit, became infected with the superstitions of her people. I had a very high esteem for her, from words and deeds which had been reported to me; but our first conversation raised my love a million degrees; so replete with sanctity did I find her soul."

"My pupil," coincided Pedro, with a wink.

"Still I longed to know how she would brook the ordeal to which she has since been subjected. I enlisted the Alcalde in my cause. Zoräy played the part of prisoner, and, again, that of sorceress. How Marina acted you saw, and I have heard. Yes, she rejected Gomez, fortune, life, to keep her plight with me. Again, borrowing this dress, I came to fly with her. You have heard her negative, which I, perhaps arrogantly, attribute to her believing me the husband of—*my mother*."

"Great Heaven be praised!" uttered the relieved girl, though still shrinking from his caresses.

"And that mother is the Signora Camiola de Sebastianos," added her son.

"Saint Antonio!" raved the Padre, "then you are the half-brother-heir."

"Yes, by my mother's honour, and no poisoner."

"Forget my mistakes, son; but does Gomez—does the lady know all this love of thine?"

"No matter, do you unite us; I will leave a letter, which shall free my bride's name from every taint; then let the man I would voluntarily have enriched, had he not, rather than be obliged by me, become my rival—then let my mother, also, curb pride as may be, should it rebel at my espousals."

"How!" exclaimed Marina, "am I to fear that the lady I believed so perfect, could, even partially, countenance the artifices by which you have tried the virtue, and played on the feelings, of an inferior in rank, merely to gratify a romantic curiosity? and, after this, does she suppose that I would accept her condescending patronage, and take her hire, as a sempstress, to hear ye laugh together o'er the farce in which ye made me your puppet? No, Moor, Rosaro, Don Carlos, Signor Cardenio! I will owe her nought, but you are bound to her;

obey her pride, and that of the portionless, low-born, aspersed Marina. Leave me, for ever!"

"Nay, dearest," implored the lover, "I will then confess that both my mother and brother consent—they too, became friends, ere Gomez knew her real name. They, not without difficulty, persuaded me to this wild scheme. All *you* know of me, as yet, is my worst, first, only deviation from truth; consider its motive, a wish to learn whether or no I should be justified in yielding to mine involuntary passion for thy charms."

"By the mass, I will not absolve thee for saying nay to my munificent son," interceded the Padre; "there is now no reasonable impediment to your immediate, and immeasurable felicity."

"There is,—there ever will remain," answered Marina, with dignity. "Let who may forgive the delusions, the woe, the disgrace I have borne, for this *experiment*; all the tests which have forced you to respect me, Sebastianos, only teach me to despise you. Say I had failed, as many an innocent girl might have done, you would have triumphed, at reaping the fruits of my love, without paying your freedom as their price; your mother would little have repented her share in causing the ruin of an ignoble maid, who, had you proved direct and candid in your dealings, would have loved you but the more, for being obscure and indigent as herself!"

"Daughter, you are too strict," said Pedro.

"So think I," added Don Gomez, entering with Camiola, followed by the Arquas, Zoräy, and the Alcalde.

"Yes," pursued the Don, "no sooner were ye shut in here than we joined the party without, and have heard all, as agreed with you, dear brother, and this lovely young mother-in-law. Marina, my pretty little sister, thou wouldst grace the noblest line of either Spain or Italy!"

"Forgive us, dear child," added Camiola, "and make me happy, in the happiness of that best of sons."

"Must your parents beseech in vain for *such* a lover?" asked Hernando.

"Now that you may so agreeably benefit us and our babes?" added Inez.

Marina sank on the breast of her mother, who placed the maiden's hand in that of the amiable masquerader; he knelt and kissed it. Pedro's dazzled eyes rained liquid sparks, "like winking;" but the poor heroine had fallen into a swoon, from which she awoke in a nervous fever; her courage had been unnaturally exerted, its depression was proportionate; she remained for many days so weak, that remorse and terror filled the hearts of the Sebastianos. The sufferings, the attentions of Cardenio, her knowledge of his domestic virtues, by degrees, mastered every objection to their union, and in a few weeks they were happily domesticated at the villa, and ever honoured for their constancy, benevolence, and religion. The noble Camiola preserved her juvenile aspect, even as a grandmother, and was vainly wooed by many a grandee.

The brothers Sebastianos amicably shared their Spanish possessions, to the great joy of Marina, who paid them a visit. Arquas was installed as secretary to Don Gomez. Inez kept his house, and he having, for

a short time, slightly felt, then feigned a wish for children, settled the twins with their parents, to be trained *scientifically*.

Padre Pedro converted old Zoräy in a wink. She endowed the convent in which she ended her days with a large sum, in antique Moorish coins. From the father's share of these hoards Dolores succeeded to the business of Inez, and the said widow's son, who had caught just the trick of his good Confessor's eyes, tended a fine flock of goats, sheltering with them, from the noon-day heat, in the sparry grotto of the Spell-bound Moor.

### MORCEAUX—ORIGINAL AND RARE.

THE following appeared, a few years since, in a provincial periodical, conducted by an author of acknowledged talent. Two popular scribes, of *our* present band, as "*natives there*," contributed some papers, hoping for guerdon, in time. But the shires look to town for their literature. The undertaking failed, and left those who had striven to support it *free* to reprint the articles which had "*wasted their sweetness*," almost *unaired*.

### EDITORIAL ENJOYMENTS.

*To Messieurs of the West of England New Monthly Magazine.*

GENTLEMEN,—I once assisted in conducting a weekly literary paper, and was alternately so bored and so diverted, in my little way, that I wish to record some few of my experiences, with which I doubt not that you can already sympathize.

You see, unlike the generality of would-be contributors, I do *not* begin by a *compliment*. If I admire the periodical you superintend, I claim not the *eclat* of singularity. I was not even the *first* to do you justice, therefore I take not on myself the credit of a discoverer. Captain Cook and Doctor Hervey may keep their bays.

I neither aspire nor condescend; expect neither to "*serve your best interests*," nor to "*owe you fame and fortune*." I neither "*want bread*," nor "*disdain remuneration*;" am neither a peer, nor a ploughman; a lady of fashion, nor an unhappy housemaid. I plead neither old age nor extreme youth. I neither ask nor forbid you to correct or improve what I write, if accepted. I neither "*beg that you will give particular care to my proofs*," nor insist on their being forwarded to me. I do not prohibit the publication of my name, but am indifferent as to its appearance. I cannot "*make sure of your inserting this letter in your miscellany*," but *I* am not likely to "*think it unworthy of a place therein*." If rejected, I demand neither its return nor its destruction. I neither entreat nor deprecate your alluding to it in your "*Answers to Correspondents*," if you give any; for I really have *not* "*read every word*" of the production you (whoever ye may be, Sirs,) edit.

Already you must perceive that I used no self flattery in asserting myself as "unlike the generality of would-be contributors." I know them, they are pretty much the same all the world over, as I can prove.

The proprietors of the hebdomadal before mentioned empowered my *colaboreur* and I to engage some dozen *established authors* of varied talents. Nine out of ten among them were easily satisfied. The greater their claims, the less trouble they gave; the fewer airs they showed. The very tenth of our regular troops I could manage and humanize, even though that tenth muse might be a lady. All was smooth and business-like. They pleased the public—were pleased themselves—paid us for paying them. They knew their craft, and what they had to expect. No party was disappointed. We had a regular system in all things; prompt, punctual, polite, unprejudiced; in which it seemed easy to persevere, but it was rendered barely *possible* by the myriads of unknown new candidates who beset us. We dared not shut the door against them. Precious "flowers" may, doubtless, "blush unseen;" for the chance of raising one such to the light we must examine all the cankered weeds which may be offered for our inspection.

Some Crabbe, Gifford, Burns, or Bloomfield, may vegetate at Land's End, or John o'Groat's; too poor to *pay postage* for his *ream* of "specimens."\* Full of hope and sympathy, I used to take in coarse papered, wafer sealed packets, written on *both* sides of *huge* sheets, but they *took me* in a very costly way.

You may hardly credit the statement that *I did try* to read *every* one of them *through*. Luckily for my editorial character, many of them were utterly illegible; most of the others unintelligible, or worse. Such caligraphy! such orthography! and *no* punctuation. Articles long enough to make pamphlets in themselves "by no means to be divided or curtailed;" all "to appear in our ensuing number," or, "to be sent back, carriage free, without *delay*, but with our candid opinions and advice at *full*." As if each correspondent was our only one.

I have just been tearing up some of these documents. An extract or two may amuse your readers and authors, while benefiting you, by warning unqualified, unpractised pretenders to "keep their madness in the back ground."

First. "The editor will observe that these essays are the unbendings of a studious mind, at intervals between more erudite labours."

This refers to a series of "adventures," witless, indecorous, in cockney English, interlarded with false Latin, worse Greek; French that might have been Hebrew, and Italian more like high Dutch; German and Spanish to match.

Second. "Miss F. I. P. dares only to say that her *ideas* are, at least, *novel*, and her *style original*."

These modest words prefaced a "Sonnet to the Moon," (persecuted

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\* A serious consideration, formerly.

old thing!) imitating, as well as Miss F. I. P. could, all our modern popular poets and poetesses; beginning with half a line from Hemans—ending in a whole Alexandrine from Pope (perhaps F. I. P. considered him one of the ancients); bits of Byron, morsels of Moore, scraps of Scott, and remnants of Rogers; lending poor Luna a patch-work cloud, worse than Milton's black one, with a "silver lining," F. I. P.'s connecting threads being of the coarsest and most common thrum. I scarcely need add that there could not have been room for all this display in a little song of the conventional fourteen lines. The "Poem" resembled a sonnet in its limits no more than in its construction.

Third. "Verax is aware of Mr. Editor's political and theologic creed, but while —— is heard, nay, extolled, some master mind, some argumentative spirit, steering between Deism and Methodism, between Radical agitation and Tory arrogance, ought to be let contradict him; and to *your* Liberal soul, *dear Sir*, look *I* for such power!!!"

What followed? The grossest personalities, high names in full, abused with indiscriminate virulence, to the outrage of common grammar. This "master mind" had been a journeyman tailor, but was decidedly and incurably mad, therefore no laughing stock.

Very pretty, glazed, perfumed, tinted, fantastically folded, aristocratically sealed billets, too, I received from belles and beaux, "pressed by numerous friends to *give* the world their little effusions." They *gave* us only to understand that they anticipated "as much per column as would equal *their* magazine terms, of from sixteen to twenty guineas a sheet." They were persons of grand imaginations. Some of their doings, though not of sufficient vigour, interest, or merit, for claiming public praise, would really not have disgraced the albums of the initiated *few*. I recollect a title or so.

"Lines to Augusta, on her Presentation."

"Family Jewels. A Dramatic Fragment."

"My Bridal Eve. A Tale from Real Life."

"Almack's. A Satiric Sketch. By Sir Joshua Dizny."

"Song to *one* Rover, the *Pet of* ANOTHER."

"Essay on the Moral Culpability of Pearl Powder. By Lord Alfred Fitz Simmons."

"The Bustle. A mock heroic Eclogue; in six Cantos. By the Rev. Theodoric d'Oyley."

"Ballad to the Rhine. A free translation."

"Ode for the Princess Victoria's Birthday."

"Monody to the Memory of Napoleon."

"A Reverie at Newstead. By Haroldine."

"Hymn, in the Argyleshire Dialect. By Lady Mary Magdalene Macullamore."

"Hints to Wives and Mothers. By the Countess of Kissington."

"*Step nigh the Brink*. By the Hon. Mrs. Mannersleigh."

"The Minister of Misery. By Mrs. Orton."

"Adieu to my Loves. By Alicia Jardine Forester Ginnes."

Now though the subjects of these lucubrations were hackneyed, they might have passed muster had they been cleverly reproduced; but,

oh! the illiterate namby-pamby verse, where "hearts were broke," and "vows forgot!" the club-house slang, horse-whipping, yet pedantic prose—even from the ladies! It amazed me that young women should be so deeply blue in the mere technicalities of unfeminine science and art, yet so lamentably ignorant of everything fit to direct their conduct, and polish their behaviour—but this is a digression.

It grieved me to defeat the sometimes *unsordid* vanity of amiable slip-slops; but *if* people neither *want profit* nor *deserve fame*, what can we do, save refuse with courtesy? Patience and perseverance are virtues not confined to humble stations. Several of these kind creatures continued to supply me, week after week, with more nonsense, unrepulsed by the fact that none of it was ever printed. *They* requited not my negatives with threats, nor even with complaints. The menaces of vengeance which, in the fulfilment of my ungracious duty, I incurred, emanated not from high places, nor from educated individuals. Yet I formed some guess at the sense of superiority which influenced some of my silent "unavailables," from one tiny missive, not appealing from my dictum, yet, in its tone, sounding almost like *the* "exception that proved the rule" of non-resistance observed by the majority of this elegant body.

"Z. X. Q. *thanks* the Editor of ——— for returning the MS. entitled ———; is rather glad of it—having repented previous of being guilty of indulging in the vulgar whim which everybody does now-a-days—and some with which I should not like, nor ought, to rank—being very probable, the accomplished and well-bred to write in a way professional scribblers are startled by, and the town not accustomed to."

This requires no comment.

Since those days, a caterer for the reading world has given me some of *his* groans. The journal he conducted was ostensibly humorous, yet saints and sages would "suggest the propriety of his varying its material by papers of useful interest"—such as—

"A Treatise on the Progress of Dialectic Philosophy."

"The Effects of Mesmerism on the Christian Faith."

"Homœopathy exposed. By a recent Victim."

"A Prophetic View of the Photogenic Art."

"Phrenological Directions for the Cultivation of Mechanic and Mathematic Genius."

These things were all *good*, but quite unsuitable to a magazine professing to deal but with character and passion.

Yet, I doubt not, if those in office at "*The Evangelical*" were questioned, they would own to having received discussions on the Breeds of Sporting Dogs and Horses; while "*Craven*," I dare say, is inundated by ideas on the improvement of every *female dress*, except the riding-habit. Culinary mysteries are unveiled for political editors; and lectures on education sent to—no matter who.

While so many well-known authors are ready to write, especially for new ventures, on moderate terms, aspirants should not attempt to compete with them, unless impartially recommended by a *Mecænas* of respectable judgment. Most places have their parson, their school-

master, their surgeon;—any one of these must have more leisure for patronizing rising genius than has an editor, addressed by a hundred would-be scribes, not a tithe of which number merit a second's attention, nor the most civil sacrifice of just severity. The village worthies, knowing something about the sucking *Hogg*, may fairly introduce him to literary notice. He says, it is modesty which bids him prefer relying upon strangers: is it not rather a mixture of vanity and cowardice, which intrudes awkwardly and bustles as if ashamed?

“ So much knowledge of ourselves there lies  
Cored, after all, in our *complacencies* !”

As that sweet and subtle expositor of the human heart, Leigh Hunt, says.

Were the rule above specified enforced, it would so thin the lists of “ correspondents,” that editors would find time for doing justice to *all* worthy “ contributors.” Meanwhile, Messieurs, your printing this epistle might act like the hanging of some culprits—*pour encourager les autres*—and would oblige

Yours respectfully,

AN EX-EDITOR.

### SICILIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

It is the felicitous characteristic of one Italian and one neighbouring Sicilian city to be each under the protection of a young and beauteous Saint. All that Genevieve is to Naples, is Rosalia to Palermo; but, raising her above Saint Genevieve, Rosalia is of a royal Gallic race, direct from Charlemagne, as is proved by her genealogical tree, painted on the outer door of the chapel; its trunk springs from the breast of Vitikind's great conqueror, and spreads into several branches, reunited at the top, giving birth to Prince Sinebaldo, Saint Rosalia's sire. Yet neither noble descent, nor immense wealth, not even her own beauty, could attach this peerless princess to the world. In her eighteenth year she retired from the court of Ruggierò, to pass her days in contemplation. Her disappearance was abrupt; none knew whither she had flown, till she was discovered in a Grotto, which she had inhabited *for months*, as it proved, with no sustenance but the water of a Holy well: her attitude was that of such slumber as is known *but* to the *elect*. Her overjoyed friends would fain have *wakened* her, but Rosalia was now a Saint!

The Grotto itself is an excavation added to a primitive recess, whose vaulted arch is hung with brilliant stalactites: to the left is an altar, at the foot of which reclines the statue of the Saint: through a trellice work of gold is seen, behind the altar, the fount which sufficed to refresh the beatified maid. The portico of this natural church is separated from it about three or four feet; this space admits the sun-

beams, which fall upon festoons of ivy, that form a natural screen, betwixt the devout and the officiating priest.

This Grotto had been dug in the ancient Mount Evita, celebrated in the Punic war, for the impregnable positions it afforded the Carthaginians. Subsequently this profane hill's *bare* brow received, by the baptism of true faith, a name of double sense, signifying equally the *Sacred* and the *Pilgrim's* hill. In 1624 the Plague desolated Palermo. Saint Rosalia's miraculously incorruptible remains were borne from their Grotto, in great pomp, to the cathedral of the town; scarcely had the precious relics crossed the threshold of that half Christian, half Arabesque fane, built by the Archbishop Gaultiero, than, at the intercession of *the Saint*, *Plague* was driven afar, and, with her, both *Famine* and *War*; as is shown by a bas-relief in the Villa Reale, executed by Canova! The grateful inhabitants of Palermo transformed the Grotto into a church, laid down a road to it, which reminds one of the ages when a colony of Romans would throw a bridge or aqueduct from one hill to another, like a marble monument, to the glory of the world's metropolis.

The body of the Saint was replaced by a graceful statue, crowned with roses, reclining in the posture of her last Heavenly sleep, on the very spot where she was found. This work of art is still more enriched by a royal donor. Charles III. (de Bourbon) bestowed on it a *robe of gold tissue*, valued at 25,000 francs; and, wishing to join the honours of Chivalry with the riches of the World, obtained for the fair Saint a Grand Cross of Malta, which hangs round her neck by a gold chain, and near it shines the star of Maria Theresa, surrounded by laurel, with the motto "Fortitudine!"

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### Reviews of the Month.

*The Old Forest Ranger.* By CAPTAIN WALTER CAMPBELL, of Skipness. How and Parsons, Fleet Street.

WE desire, if limits allow, to notice this already popular work throughout. First the binding, of Forester's green, backed by blood-red, each hue adorned with golden effigies of the redoubtable brute—foes braved and slain, by Oriental Hunters.

Next, as *smaller* children say,

"Before we read the book, let us look at the Pictures!"

These, are founded on the gallant author's own sketches, and tell their stories with startling clearness, thanks to the talent, taste, and skill, of those rising young Lithographic draughtsmen, R. J. Hamerton, and T. Picken. When we add that the illustrations are executed in the *tinted* style, brought to such perfection at the establishment of Day and Haghe, our readers may rationally expect *gems*.

If we prefer such *subjects* as "The Doctor and 'his wee pet Deevles,'" and "Mustering Forces for a Tiger-Hunt," to those repre-

senting moments of peril, we are not disparaging *them*. They will be the favourites of a plurality. We think "The Death of Smiler," might have been improved by more obscurity; but *that*, perhaps, is because we would rather not see the almost mirthful malice of a Panther's face, quite so distinctly.

The Dedication, to Lord Elcho, is one of lang syne friendship, to a relative who evidently deserves the fame of hardihood and honour, in the highest degree.

The Preface is ingenuous, and ingenious. Most of the Chapters originally graced "The New Monthly," by "The Old Forest Ranger," signed "Koondah." This we fancied some Indian phrase indicative of daring deeds, bestowed on him, by the grateful semi-savages, whose lives he saved, in taking those of so many "Man Eaters." But "Koondah" means merely a *range* of high rocks, on, 'neath or near which, doubtless, Captain Campbell has won many an ensanguined victory. "The Ranger" is depicted as an *aged* man; he does not appear among the group whose adventures he relates, to excite and charm us.

Well, we ask no more delightful companions as the four, or rather *three* whom we retain; for the worthy Lorimer is soon put *hors de combat*, by a fiery-fanged monster, which not even his skill nor prowess could defy, as men of equally *good aim*, who have ever been his fellow-sufferers, will readily believe, when we add that its name is—Gout.

In the Preface our *young* Captain disclaims all travestie; and avows himself as responsible, deprecating severity, with modest frankness. It is only in "A Word from the Old Forest Ranger," that critics receive a hint of "the Grey Carle's not having yet forgotten how to handle a rifle." Novel weapon for duelling! This trait of *naïveté* makes us love the supposed menacer as though he *were* a real being.

Captain Campbell, in the body of his work, uses the Royal, or Editorial pronoun; "to avoid," he says, "the repetition of that eternal, egotistical *I*, which is so disagreeable, in a personal narrative." Yet *he* contrives to make it very pleasant, in his recapitulatory Notes, and Memoranda, marked, as if unawares, by affection for his brother George, recently dead. This loss is not named in the work; but many leading Journals paid tributes to the brave youth's cheerful piety and resignation.

Having, out of their order, alluded to the Notes, we must add, that many of them are valuable Extracts from writers on India. One is from Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, whose veracity the Captain generously, yet with one reservation, defends.

Having boldly set forth his name, his whereabouts, "Walter Campbell, of Skipness," and plainly implying his time of life, we hold him perfectly free to deal with modern matters. His second Note informs us that no Europeans ever visited the Neilgherry Hills, till 1819. Need we, then, lose a witticism on Steam, Burking, or "Wapping one's weight in wild cats?" Yet, so easy is it to lavish unqualified praise or blame, without cutting the leaves of a book, that many of our hero's pretended admirers *will* sing—

"My blessing on your frosty pou,"

and, should they ultimately discover the truth, may cry, as *some* Old Woman did before them, (Query? Mrs. Malaprop,)

"I hope, Sir, you are not like Cerberus, *three Gentlemen at once?*"

Gleams of satiric humour, seem to break o'er these pages, if not without design, at least without display. *Fat* Lorimer swearing "by the *Bones* of his ancestors!" Tacking such a *sobriquet* as Don Quixotte to the red-haired, low-comedy, Scotch Doctor, who, though "true as steel," "at a pinch," has no zest for gratuitously endangering his loose-jointed, undignified carcase. So few Caledonians are ever over cautious in *this* way, that we wish Captain Campbell, to gratify his justly proud compatriots, had made Mansfield a Scot, too. *He* would have needed no idiom, and Readers could have *fancied* the *slight* Northern accent, which blends, so naturally, so winningly, with refined, intellectual, or enthusiastic sentiments!

The Notes mention a "Doctor Mac" as well as a horse "Challenger." Many a Dr. Mc' — might be proud to flatter himself that parts of this amiable oddity's character were drawn from his own, yet the chronicler avoids giving personal offence, or wounding the self-love of any harmless individual, managing matters, with such *pawkie* kindness, that no "solely singular" man is like to claim "the *cap*" as "fitting *him*!"

The story which *puir* Mc. Phee tells the fair Kate Lorimer of his humble, his only love, is not only sweet and touching in itself, but *placed* with a *tact* which greatly enhances its simple pathos. Too poor in youth to marry his heart's idol, he obtained an appointment as Medical Officer, on board one of the Company's ships; but, arrived in India, got into such good practice there, that in five years, he was well enough off to set sail for the shores of Fife, and claim the hand of his Jeany. Alas! on the *eve* of their *intended, lowly* bridal — *a drowned corse*! and he, by sad mischance, had partly *caused* her death, all but dying with her. One treasure still was left, her miniature. With this he again quitted home, unable to remain where every thing reminded him of "that awfu' night," renewed his professional connexions in the East; by degrees improved them; and, *thirty* years after his abrupt bereavement, says to the young heroine of the book,—

"I have been able, not only to scrape together some little savin's for mysel', but to keep my auld Parents in easy circumstances, to the end o' their days—rest their souls!"

We would now speak of the Captain's comic powers. Mansfield has comedy enough about him; but *all* the elements are so blended in his disposition, that which predominates we cannot say. His is the directing spirit, his the all-conquering valour, the "rifle never failing," in our Sportsmen's most hazardous, and gory-grim pursuits. Then may his brow frown, his eye flash, his nostrils dilate, his lips curl; then he rushes forward, with a wild Hurrah! Yet is he something of what Byron must have meant by "silent thunder." In hours of conviviality (for this antidote to Cannibalism is in the prime of his days) he may indulge in a quiet chuckle laugh till his sides ache, or his lids o'erflow, still preserving an under aspect of self government.

He stands, one brilliant morn, before the "Falls of Gungah," which

realize all Harold's Fourth Canto imagery, in the four Stanzas, beginning with "The roar of waters," and ending with "unalterable mien."

"Mansfield, folding his arms upon his chest, gazed upon the bewildering scene, with the same calm and apparently unmoved expression, which his noble features ever wore, even in moments of the greatest excitement."

Charles Lorimer, Kate's loving cousin, a handsome "Griffin," had shouted Byron, at the very top of his voice, sprung forward to the very edge of the precipice, thrown his arms aloft, like a young eagle, spreading its wings for flight. Mansfield, although a bit of a stoic in externals, was an enthusiast at heart, and liked to see enthusiasm in others. "A benevolent smile played around his mouth, as he witnessed this natural burst of feeling in his young companion."

This Mansfield, too, shames not to *weep*, when his long loved "Challenger" is killed by a Boar. Another very truthful trait of character is this. Charles, after having beheld and listened, for the first time, to the wild beauties of an Indian rain-storm, is asked by Mansfield, what he thinks of it. Half ashamed to confess himself surprised, he begins, by saying—

"It is, indeed—about the grandest sight I ever beheld." Then his innate candour and courage mastering his juvenile vanity and diffidence, he concludes, "I have often heard it talked of before, but never could have pictured to myself anything so sublime, so awful!"

That same night, imagine the sober *young* ones, as they attend the lyrical, and lass-adoring hilarity of "*Long Jock Mc.Phee*" who, at once inspired and disabled, by sundry draughts of strong Glenlivet toddy, essays in vain to remember either words or air of—

"Wallie brewed a peck o' maut—"

Far more successful have been his previous exertions, as a *raconteur* of tales containing the most ludicrous tests, and results, on that very posing query, "When a man may fairly be ca'd fou?" "The Laird o' Bonnie-mune" is one of the drollest anecdotes we ever read; the cause of "Cow Bessy's" *temperance* is capital, and, *en passant*, we must praise for a still higher kind of merit, the Episode, given elsewhere, of a studious son, undervalued by his sire, *turning the Bull*, in the absence of his brothers, till then preferred for the physical courage, which their parent blindly supposed incompetent with home-keeping bookishness.

But, to return, Jock Mc.Phee, after practically illustrating the tokens whereby "a man may fairly be ca'd fou," becomes drowsy, warbling an occasional "Rob and Alan," through his whiskied doses. At this juncture "the tempest crashed the tent poles across their table, demolishing candles, bottles and glasses; they were grovelling on the earth in utter darkness, more than half smothered in the wet folds of the tent; whilst the loosened ropes, with the tent pegs still attached to them, flapped and whistled, and banged about their ears, threatening to fracture their skulls, if they were fortunate enough to escape suffocation. Mansfield and Charles, who had their wits about them, scrambled clear of the wreck, but were so convulsed with laughter,

that, for some minutes, they were incapable of rendering any aid to the miserable Doctor, who continued to struggle, and howl, and pant for breath, like a dog tied up in a wet sack. At length, however, by the assistance of the Lascars, he was extricated from the ruins of the tent, and stood shivering and stupified in the pelting rain."

Next day, he is funny and familiar as before; for though this trio are just unceremonious enough with each other, no porcupine false honour urges them to make war on Britons, nor to shoot at their own species.

Though they swear "by the Prophet!" or "the holy Camel!" a religious tone is often audible. Captain Campbell, alluding to the marvels of climate and scenery, in India, asks—"Who could witness them, and call himself an Atheist?" Alas! many who call themselves "Christians," even here, besieged by *Life's diurnal miracles*, return neither good works, nor charity of thought. He who feels not God's power in His least pledge of *Mercy*, were but *unprofitably scared*, by *deviations* from the usual order and harmony of the Universe.

Kate Lorimer, the "Little Fairy," as she calls herself, is a pretty, accomplished girl, of seventeen. An early-widowed father's sole and spoilt child. The author adds,—

"Though her manners in general were perfectly lady-like, still there was wanting that indescribable something, which a gentle mother's constant care and good example can alone impart." He depicts her as apt to be hurried away by impulse, impatient of control, romantic, fond of adventure, with a prompt decision of character, such as would have been praiseworthy in one of the rougher sex. She loves her cousin, yet uses her power o'er his *one* year senior heart, as if they were but flirting. After she has dubbed him her *Knight*, as he kneels before her, and placed a sprig of charmed heather-bush in his hat, he departs uncheered; for her favour has been just refused by Papa.

When the three Brothers in Arms return, after all their exploits, to the hospitable old Lorimer, no longer a captive to the high feeder's tyrant, Charles finds an order to join his Regiment. There is yet one day left him, for accompanying his friends to "The Orange Valley," renowned for its balmy loveliness, and its profusion of edible Game. As no ferocious beasts are likely to be encountered there, Kate resolves to ride with the gentlemen, witness whatever venison-slaying may occur, and beguile the intervals of suspense, by making a sketch of the scene. She does so. Charles naturally tempts her to loiter behind the others, with him; till, ashamed of their delay—

"She applied the whip smartly to the flank of her willing pony, who, not being accustomed to such rough usage, started off at a rapid pace, on a rough path. At a sharp angle, where the path was overgrown with slippery grass, 'Douce Davie' came heavily to the ground, throwing his rider against a bank, and nearly rolling over her. Charles by dint of violently pulling up his horse, was just in time to avoid riding over his cousin. But e'er he could raise her, she was afoot again, seized her pony's bridle, and was ready to remount, though her cheek was pale, her lips bloodless, her hands trembling."

They proceed, and all seems well, but—to the catastrophe. Kate is seated on an elevation, and before one granivorous creature has

been brought down, *she* becomes the object of a huge *Bear's* fury. Charles diverts it towards himself, and the monster, though full of shot, fixes its tusks in his arm.

"Oh! how bitterly did poor Kate now repent of having taken part in a sport so ill suited to her sex!"

"Her first impulse was to scream for assistance; her next—brave girl—to rush wildly down the rugged path, in hopes that even her feeble arm might be of some avail in rescuing her Cousin."

But Mc.Phee, with his be-quizzed and already broken fusee "*Mons Meg*," finished the enemy, and revived the wounded boy.

"Is he alive?" exclaimed Kate, who had stood gazing on this scene of blood pale and motionless as a marble statue.

"Indeed is he, Miss Kate, and like to do well enough?"

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the poor girl fervently, "Thank Heaven!" and clasping her hands together, she sunk down fainting by the side of her Cousin."

With such Nurse, and such Doctor, the valiant lad soon recovers. Avows his passion, which Kate owns is returned; but they are so young that her father will have no correspondence, even, between them, and (though Charles is heir to a fine fortune) bids him wait till he is a *General* ere he claim her hand. He joins his corps, but does *not* wait long for his bride. Mansfield becomes a General, but remains a bachelor; and Mc.Phee is provided for, by the married lovers in England.

We have left ourselves no space for a word on the Boa-skinning double-tumble, between Mc.Phee and "Heels;" for the silver-badged Peon's victory over the venal Cotwall, deceived by the plain costumes of the Peon's Masters; for the novelty of Oriental broken-English, and for many other attractions.

Captain Campbell deserves to find himself "*a Lion*" whenever he quits Scotland for town. We wish him "*Fair*" and "*Gentle Readers!*" for his *future* tomes, and for *this*, the *best Sporting work we ever read through*.

We *did* so, Glossary and all, nor once yawned, with Joanna Baillie's *Ethelwald*.

"Well, well! we *know* that *beasts* will *swiftly* run,  
When *hounds* and *men* pursue them!"

*Warwick's House of Commons.* Saunders and Otley, pp. 173.

Many Guide-books to "the Commons' House of Parliament" already exist, but we hesitate not in pronouncing this to be the *best*. To the name of each Member is attached a brief, but comprehensive history of his character, as a public man, his family connexions, and the various offices, Honorary or Actual, which he holds. The population of each city, town or borough, the pollings of the last two general elections, including, of course, the names of unsuccessful candidates, are all drawn up from official details, and sources of unquestionable authenticity; proving the compiler to be a man of untiring perseverance and research. An historical account of the duration of Parliaments, from the assemblage of the Barons, during the turbulent reign

of John, 1215, down to the "Second of our Sovereign Lady, Victoria," is the most *interesting* feature of the work; traits of practical utility, new in themselves, and made clear to all readers, evince an union of zeal and talent, which must, or at least ought, to secure Mr. Warwick's manual pre-eminent success.

*The Post Magazine Almanack, and Court and Parliamentary Register.* Pateman, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. pp. 80. Price Sixpence.

Independent of the information to be found in the generality of Almanacs, this marvellously *cheap* one contains, besides the very essence of the Red Book, a Gardener's Calendar, a List of both Houses of Parliament, the Civic Dignitaries, the Bank and India House Directors, valuable intelligence connected with the Post Office, a "Burn's Justice," in little, *favourable* accounts of trading houses, famed for their "notice-able" advertisements, Insurance Offices, and of the suburban Cemeteries, which, for health's sake, we seriously approve.

We congratulate Mr. Pateman on the number of *affiches* which follow his valuable work; the outlay attendant on the production of so condensed a reference, must have been formidable indeed. We wish him, therefore, a commensurate sale, and ourselves no worse fortune than that of reviewing the Post Magazine for many a year to come.

*Letters of Peter Platitude, on Cambridge and the Cantabs.* Part I. Longman and Co. pp. 32.

Some satirical rogue has amused himself by writing *imaginary* letters, from a Freshman of Trinity, to his brother, and the style of composition is an admirable *exposé* of the correspondences carried on by some of the present day's "young men about town," who have chosen the "Jack Sheppard" school as their standard for every indispensable of mind or manners. We trust, for the honour of human nature, that such Cubs as "Peter Platitude," Candid self baptism! are rarely found amongst "gentlemen" educated at either of our Universities. These fictitious ruffians may babble as tautologically as their natures will of "*Alma Mater*," but she, remembering her worthier sons, would disown such illiterate, immoral, Swell-Mobites. Respectable votaries of

"The Three black Graces, Law, Physic, and Divinity," will find Omnibus cad slang quite unintelligible.

The pamphlet is obviously written by some one perfectly acquainted with College life. He has taken advantage of this knowledge, to depict localities, that the point of his lampoon may gain additional strength, by an apparent air of truth. In future numbers, we hope to find that the effect of associating with refined tastes, may gradually wean Peter from his present habits, which, as drawn in the thirty-two pages of the work's first portion, would disgrace an honest Costermonger.

We have had the good fortune, in our way through the world, to meet many "Cantabs," and we feel assured that not one of *them* would have allowed the classic echoes of their *Rooms* to be profaned

by the *exposition of such a Platitude*, for three minutes. As to their even admitting him a second time,—that were speaking of impossibilities.

*The Critic in Parliament and in Public since 1835.* George Bell, Fleet Street. pp. 188.

We deeply regret that time does not allow us to do justice to this exceedingly clever, and admirably written little volume.

We are half inclined to be angry with its talented writer, for sending it forth in its present unpretending, and we are nearly tempted in our regret to say, unpopular form. It should find its way to the Library tables of all thinking men. There is a tone of impartiality throughout, which reflects great credit upon the author. We must therefore be content, this month, with a brief notice; but it would be injustice to the writer not to let him speak for himself.

Of THE Duke he thus writes,—

“ Nothing can be more strongly contrasted, indeed, than the *boiling, bubbling* (so to speak) of Lord Melbourne’s excited delivery—for excited he is sure to be very soon—and the hard, inflexible impenetrability of the Duke. He rebutted the attack with his usual sententious sternness, and there was that in the firm decision of his tone and manner, which indicated that, having ‘taken his position,’ he determined to defend it to the last.

“ The noble Duke’s style of speaking is strikingly indicative of his character. It gives just the idea of a man who rises to do what he believes his duty—that is to say, what he thinks—to say it clearly, manfully, and with as little delay and circumlocution as possible; there never is a sentence that can be misunderstood; there never is a word more than necessary. There is sometimes a straightforward bluntness of manner, not a little amusing; as when a question, which the Duke knows will be made much of, is coolly settled by him according to *his* belief and conviction of the truth, in one brief sentence. Thus on the present occasion, there was something eminently characteristic of him—in his decided indisputable way of declaring “The late government was dissolved from the utter impossibility of its going on any longer”—a very short method of disposing of a point on which in fact the whole case might turn. But there is ever such an undoubted air of sincerity about the Duke, that even when his blunt statement does not convince everybody of a *fact*, it never fails to satisfy all parties that it is his unfeigned *belief*. And equally characteristic is the honest unsophisticated way in which he declares his opinion or resolution on any question, however critical to his influence and power. Nothing could be more in keeping with his whole character and conduct than his simple, yet decisive declaration—

“ ‘As to pledging myself beforehand to any measures, before I know what they are, and before I have all the information parliament can possess on the subject, that is certainly what I will never consent to.’

“ Scarcely a word more than this was employed in disposing of a long and important amendment; yet, although most ministers would

have *said more*, we doubt if many would have spoken so frankly—we are sure none could have spoken more directly *to the purpose*. Lord Melbourne is frank, but not one hundredth part so *firm*; and his frankness is not so much the result (as it is in the Duke) of a stern sense of duty, as it is of natural temperament: it is the free-spoken, *rather* careless, and sometimes slightly imprudent manner of an easy, good-natured man, who rises to speak much against his will; begins as though he wished to get quietly over it, but has not sufficient command over an excitable temperament, the warmth of which, almost directly he gets into his subject, hurries him along in a current of careless, though often clever, volubility; stuttering and stammering with its own vehemence, and very much opposed, in its diffusive looseness, to the concentrated brevity of the Duke."

The following *scene*, we are sure, will be read with satisfaction by all who delight in the triumph of insulted Truth, over malignant falsehood.

"Municipal corporations for Ireland was the subject of debate in the Lords; when Lord Lyndhurst took occasion, adverting to the fierce and virulent attacks which had been made upon him for having, in the heat of debate, alluded to the Irish as 'aliens,' pronounced one of the most severe philippics against O'Connell ever delivered, first, with keen satire disposing of Sheil's more elegant attacks. An accidental circumstance gave unusual force and impression to the following address:—

"My lords, who were my accusers? As to the first, I have no complaint against him; he was labouring in his vocation, and any enmity I might have felt would have soon subsided, upon the recollection of the great pleasure I have derived from his brilliant and sparkling eloquence, and the amusement he has afforded me by his late extraordinary exhibitions. But, my lords, the next of my accusers was a man of far different stamp; for nothing could be more strongly contrasted with the well-polished weapon of the gentleman I have first mentioned, than the coarse *flail* of his associate. My lords, this individual I have not the power of describing; my faculties of portraiture are not adequate to the painting of him; I wish I possessed the ability in this respect of the noble Viscount (Melbourne). Your lordships must remember, I am sure you can never forget, the manner in which the noble Viscount introduced him the other night, as wrapped in mystery—heralded by portents—visiting us like some strange meteor—leaving us in doubt whether we were gazing on a kind or a malignant genius; the noble Viscount addressed him as 'spirit of health or goblin damned.' He seemed as if about to pursue the spirit of adjuration, and, continuing the quotation, to say,

'I'll call thee *king*—father.'

My lords, this individual has exhibited himself in such a variety of postures—not always the most seemly or decent—amidst the shouts of innumerable crowds, that all description of him is unnecessary. But bootless to him were such exhibitions. He has raised lavish contributions; even *ducal* offerings from the friends, connexions, *relatives*

of members of the government, while at the same time he has, by the aid of the priests, wrung a miserable pittance from the 'hard hands' of the indigent, the famishing. Nor has he ever ceased to abuse and insult your lordships' house, many of you individually; nay, he has denounced against you destruction.'

"Here Mr. O'Connell appeared at the bar, among the spectators from the House of Commons. The excited orator, whose voice till now had been elevated to the tone of indignant declamation, suddenly turned upon him his eye, and pointing at him his hand, continued, with utterance trembling from concentrated animosity—

" 'And even now, availing himself of your lordships' courtesy, he comes to your bar, he listens to your proceedings, he marks and measures you as his *victims*: 'etiam in senatum venit, notat designatque oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum.' My lords, the person to whom these expressions were applied, your lordships well remember, had one redeeming quality: witness the last scene of his life, as you read it in the powerful and animated description of the historian; he ever retained the virtue of *courage*. Here, therefore, my lords, the *parallel fails*.'

"The *intensity* of contempt expressed in this last sentence, it is vain to attempt to picture. The effect of the whole apostrophe is only to be described as *electrical*. Lord Lyndhurst went on indignantly to ask—

" 'Who is it that, whenever it suits his purpose, works on the feelings and prejudices arising out of a difference of descent, and calls the Protestants of Ireland, 'foreigners, Saxons, Sassenaghs?' Who is it that has, over and over again, when it suited his particular object, declared that,

'As long as Popish spade and scythe  
Shall dig and cut the Sassenagh's tithe,'

'hostility shall never cease between the two classes of the population?' Who is it that has applied, with the same view of exciting feelings of hostility and antipathy against him, the term 'Sassenagh' to my noble friend, Lord Stanley, and received from that noble lord an infliction which recalls to one's recollection the lines in an ancient fable:

'Clamanti cutis est summos direpta per artus,  
Nec quicquam nisi vulnus erat?'

My lords, *one of my accusers*.' "

The Author, whose name is not affixed to the work, independent of his graphic descriptions of what has taken place in Parliament, affords us instructive and amusing details of leading topics in Westminster Hall, Church Controversies, Important Discussions at Exeter Hall, Proceedings at Anti-Slavery, Anti-Corn Law, and Chartists' Meetings. These are recounted with a clearness of style, and nervous command of language; and the little volume, we trust, will gain the circulation it so pre-eminently merits. We may, perhaps, speak more of it, some other day.

*Standard Edition of the Rev. Robert Montgomery's Poems.*  
Baisler : Oxford Street.

Mr. Baisler has favoured us with three volumes, including all the Rev. Robert Montgomery's Sacred and Serious Poems. When we announce, that this comprehends the twenty-first edition of "The Omnipresence," "Satan's" tenth, "Woman's" fifth, what need we add, even did time and space now give power for a word.

But we must say a very little of Mr. Baisler; he is not one of those "Serious publishers," by chance or connexion, who take up Religious bookselling, with as much indifference, save to profit and loss, as do those who know nothing of the heavy Legal tomes in which they deal, yet gain honourable incomes as law-stationers. It were not fitting that the vendors of surgical or medical treatises, &c. should *busy* themselves, with any thought on the matter beyond its being "their line of business." But Mr. Baisler's knowledge of what Protestant Christianity *should* be, his "feeling in his work" is of vast advantage to all who seek his aid, for the publication of their grave writings. They are sure of candid kindness, and ready good advice, either by interviews, or in the explicit letters which he *makes* time to write. This we *know*, from his recent behaviour towards a friend of our own, and joy in the power of paying a due tribute to a publisher who exercises that best of courtesy which can only belong to the Christian.,

Mr. Baisler announces that he will speedily publish a new Poem, by the same Reverend Author, entitled "Luther." Ample scope is afforded for the embodying of the character and history of the great Reformer.

*The Present State of Aural Surgery.* By JOHN HARRISON CURTIS, Esq., Aurist to the late King, and Surgeon to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. London: Churchill.

This work, which is described as the "substance of a lecture," delivered at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, is, in reality, a brief compendium of all the information at present in the possession of the writer respecting aural surgery. Not content with the knowledge to be obtained in England on this interesting portion of the medical sciences, Mr. Curtis has recently made several tours to different parts of the Continent, and has embodied the results of the information there obtained in this lecture. He has introduced several new remedies, which bear the stamp of experience in the German schools, and which he has successfully employed in his practice and at the Dispensary, since his return to England. His acquaintance with acoustics is displayed in the improvements and discoveries he has made in instruments intended to relieve and improve the hearing of those who would be otherwise incurably deaf. Mr. Curtis has done as much for the cure of diseases of the ear as any other man living, and he has recently relinquished the eye in order to devote his attention exclusively to the ear.

*The Mind and other Poems.* By CHARLES SWAIN. Respectfully Dedicated to Robert Southey, Esq., Poet Laureate. Tilt and Bogue, Fleet Street. 1841.

The name of this 'Poet Swain' (that jest's his own,) has been, we forget *how many* years,—he must be ever young! linked with our love for all that is British, manly, pious, pure and high. His original Genius, true Sensibility, and nobly cheerful, *real* enthusiasm, of course found their *appreciators* only among congenial souls—such, we mean, as can sympathize with the unsordid, unsensual ardour of a spirit, who need not escape from, nor strive to forget its own "Sinful fleshly covering," ere it can be duly inspired to soar, invisibly, not for effect, some *six* feet in the air, "like a bird that *would* be flying," in the *abstraction*, for which some people think "*absence of mind*," a fitter phrase.

Charles Swain's elevations of soul were "nothing like this," but, though chaste and holy, all *impulse*. We should have been amazed that such a Bard was not *universally* read, and earnestly admired; but that we feel his superiority to the million, and were aware that few verse readers, of his early day, had brains of sufficient *strength* to enjoy, nay, to endure, the thrilling notes of his silver trumpet; or high, or deep, still clear, and full of heavenly melody. Anon he took his harp, and, by *both* deft hands produced, at the *same* instant, varied, yet richly blending notes, each aiding the other, by delicate contrast.

We have heard *some* "sweet pretty Songs, by Ladies and Gentlemen," who, "writing for their *own* amusement, solely," make publishers and music-sellers *start* at their exorbitant demands. These *Minor Lyrics* reminded us, always, of a quadrille or waltz air, which somebody having heard but once, and being not yet able to obtain, tried to recall, by playing its *treble* on the piano. The Poet's *bass* is—philosophy, not "*melancholy*," we think.

Swain's boundless, peace-making, genial heart, so free from envy, makes an elder, a jealous, cavilling critic, envy *him*, with half a blush, if we now *have* such a relic of juvenility left, and with a *whole* sigh, for the uncompromising days of grateful admiration, when *we*, too, looked up to the Poets—famed writers, who charmed us, without a *dream* of ever seeing a defect in one of them. Swain's

" Benign affections, pure,  
In the *slight* of self secure,"

tell of his pre-eminently possessing what was of old, immaculate, immutable "*Minstrel Faith*," by which we mean the never-varying adherence to Truth, to the literal and the *liberal* sense of *any* incontrovertible truth, which elicited so just a tribute from some high Cardinal, to the lover of Laura; who, when seeking to borrow of his Patron a certain large sum for the furtherance of literature, religion and science, offered his bond for the amount, which the great man tore and threw on a stove in the Poet's simple villa at Vacluse, saying

" Petrarch's word is enough."

To conclude, as Versatility in *itself* is a rare poetic merit, for *that*, and many greater, see our Extracts.

### IF THOU HAST LOST A FRIEND.

#### I.

"If thou hast lost a friend  
By hard or hasty word,  
Go,—call him to thy heart again;  
Let Pride no more be heard.  
Remind him of those happy days,  
Too beautiful to last;  
Ask, if a *word* should cancel years  
Of truth and friendship past?  
Oh! if thou'st lost a friend,  
By hard or hasty word,  
Go,—call him to thy heart again;  
Let Pride no more be heard.

#### II.

Oh! tell him from thy thought  
The light of joy hath fled;  
That, in thy sad and silent breast,  
Thy lonely heart seems dead;  
That mount and vale,—each path ye trod,  
By morn or evening dim,—  
Reproach you with their frowning gaze,  
And ask your soul for him.  
Then, if thou'st lost a friend,  
By hard or hasty word,  
Go,—call him to thy heart again;  
Let Pride no more be heard."

### THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

#### I.

"The Peasantry of England,  
The merry hearts and free;  
The sword may boast a braver band—  
But give the scythe to me!  
Give me the fame of industry,  
Worth all your classic tomes!  
God guard the English Peasantry,  
And grant them happy homes!

#### II.

The sinews of old England!  
The bulwarks of the soil!  
How much we owe each manly hand,  
Thus fearless of its toil!  
Oh, he who loves the harvest free,  
Will sing where'er he roams,  
God bless the English Peasantry,  
And give them happy homes!

## III.

God speed the plough of England !  
 We'll hail it with three cheers :  
 And here's to those whose labour planned  
 The all which life endears !  
 May still the wealth of Industry  
 Be seen where'er man roams ;  
 A cheer for England's Peasantry !  
 God send them happy homes !"

## SWEET EIGHTEEN.

## I.

" SWEET eighteen !—graceful eighteen !  
 Bring me roses—the birth-day flower—  
 Bathe them in dews where the fairies have been,  
 To wreath a charm for my natal hour :  
 Time will show me his magic glass—  
 Future life in each varied scene—  
 Lights and shadows which come and pass  
 Over the heart when it's turned eighteen !

## II.

Mother, oh ! sing me again to rest,  
 Tender and fond as thy bosom of yore ;  
 Father, I kneel, to again be blest  
 Over my prayers as thou bless'd me before ;  
 Nature half grieving, half glad appears ;  
 Tears and smiles on the skies have been ;  
 Just as I feel when I call past years,  
 And think that I *now* am—oh, sweet eighteen !

## III.

Summer hath brought me a bridal dress,  
 Lillies all gemm'd with the treasures of morn ;  
 Woodbines that twine, with their fondest caress,  
 Round the old cottage *where they were born* !  
 Thus will I cherish, thus hallow the spot,  
 Passing the moments your loves between ;  
 For what are the pleasures my home has *not* ?  
 Oh, what other years are like sweet eighteen ?"

The volume is embellished with exquisite engravings from the burins of W. Greatbach, Stephenson, Watkins, and Topham, after subjects painted by the late Royal Academician Stothard, Salmón, Retzsch, Patten, Beverley, Liversege and Boxall. Of these we hardly know which to select for especial praise, all are so deserving ; yet, we cannot help particularizing as our *own* especial favourites, the " Scene from the Antiquary," " Forest Trees," the head-piece of the poem called " The Schooner and The Wind Mill." Stothard's fanciful and classic groups require no comment ; they are, as usual, charming.

*Singing for the Million.* By JOSEPH MAINZER. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1841. pp. 88.

The title of Mr. Mainzer's work is most happy and apposite. It expresses clearly its object and purport; and we shall not attempt to add to its explicitness by giving any detailed account of its contents. Suffice it to say, that it contains a succinct exposition of the method by which Mr. Mainzer has effected such extensive results in diffusing a knowledge of the principles, and developing a taste for the art of vocal music on the Continent and in this country. There are some well-digested observations in the introductory part, on the influence of singing on the moral and physical development of humanity, together with matter to interest and instruct the young and aged, the sedate and the gay. It is written in a clear and simple style, and well calculated to effect the object in view—to popularize the art of vocal music.

*The National Singing Circular.* By the same Author.

This is the professed organ of an Association formed to carry into effect Mr. Mainzer's praiseworthy efforts to induce the middle and lower classes of English to become melodists. Under such a zealous teacher, we should speedily rival the Germans in harmony; and when the aim of the amiable founder is carried into effect, we suppose that, as every man will, by that time, have "music in his soul," we shall hear no more of "Treasons, Stratagems and Plots."

*Medical Guide to Mothers.* By J. R. HANCORN, M.C.S. Smith and Elder, Cornhill. pp. 215.

The names of the respectable publishers affixed to this little book is a sufficient guarantee that the author is no empiric.

But were Mr. Hancorn at the very head of his profession,—and he has our best wishes that such a distinction is yet in store for him,—we feel quite certain that he would not expect us to enter into details purely feminine.

We do not quite deserve the censure, or rather scorn, implied in the remarks made by Mrs. Saddle-tree on her husband's ignorance of the utility and absolute purpose of a maternal charity, but it would be at once ridiculous and presumptuous, were we to assume any knowledge, except a vague and general one, of the subjects treated by Mr. Hancorn. We have presented the volume so politely forwarded to us to an experienced matron, and have no doubt but that we shall receive from her a good report of the book's contents.

*England in the Nineteenth Century.* Southern Division. Part I. Cornwall. Price 2s. 6d. London: How and Parsons, Fleet Street.

The spirited and rising Publishers of "*Ireland*," encouraged by its great success, determined to produce a similar work, of which our own country would be the fruitful, varied, and glorious theme. To her na-

tives, most naturally more *dear* than Ireland, Scotland, or any other realm, called, we hope, by her children,

“The loveliest land on the face of the Earth!”

A line which we heard in 1812, from a little Swiss *Chanson*, the air of which, slightly modified, and set to *somewhat* slower time, is now known as the *Milanese* “Home, Sweet Home.”

“When shall I return to the land of my birth?  
The loveliest land on the face of the Earth!  
For—there dwell the kindred, my childhood who blest,  
Still the hope of my waking, the dream of my rest.  
The Cows, and the Heifers,  
Who came at my call,  
My Father! My Mother!  
My Sister, My Brother,  
And dear Isabelle,  
The joy of them all—  
When shall I see  
The Hills of my birth?  
Our Hills, and our Lakes,  
Still the fairest on earth.”

The simplicity of the conscript and exiled herd-boy, in *nearly* ranking the beasts, who hastened to the milking at the sound of his cow-horn, with his nearest relations, is excelled by the idea of his dear Isabelle being the joy of them all, his family, heifers included,

But, let us journey at once to gaze on the towering rocks, patronized as are *all* “Mounts” and *abrupt* Hills, from Normandy to Glostershire, by the militant, Miltonic, and aspiring Arch-Angel. This is a terribly picturesque subject. Cockneys, who think “Richmond a perfect feast for the hyes, honly rayther a breather to clime,” would not *believe* that “human mortul’s lungs nur lims hever carried him anoist that ere *Sham Carsle*; for, in coase, nobody hever *lived* there. Be-soide, ow get *hat* heven them uts, an ousis, hunder the Ill? That sloppy, splashy, peep of sand, is no *Road*, though men, ossis, and vimen, *his* goin hup, vith vaves of salt sea vater, hall in a huprou of foam, whiter nor henny vashervumun’s suds, is a thret’nin to swallow hum hall hup so alive, vich they voud not be *long*; lestvise, the werry soight makes me feel as Hi halvys does hon thee hoshun, when I steames hit down to Margit.”

The artist will forgive our treating his sublimity thus; but, untravelled ill-read Londoners will call “Most Evnlee,” their “Ampsted, lghgit, Twit’num,” and, as omnibus men condense the name of the rumpled green cloth, strewn with broken looking-glass, and lumps of wet clay, stuck with green twigs, or willow sticks—“Chbd!”

“Content is a good thing;” but this Pictorial England will teach the people not to *shame* in believing that Derbyshire has more undulations of ground than Essex; Northumberland, than Middlesex; that Lake Windermere is superior to the water in St. James’s, with all its ornamental ducks; that Black Gang Chine, Isle of Wight, is finer than the Regents’ Park; the narrow valley at Ilfracombe, than Burlington Arcade; the rocks, woods, and downs of Gloucestershire’s Clifton.—

But here we pause to record a fact. A rich Manchester weaver, whose Bristol host wished to give him a more than agreeable surprise, by leading him suddenly to a Point, "in Cook's Folly Woods," whence he would at once behold such grandeur and variety, as must overwhelm him, with amazed admiration. A companion and the Native held the Lancashire "gent's" garments tightly, lest the dazzled man should, in his inevitably violent start, be precipitated into the Avon. They simultaneously cried, "Now, look!" He looked, retreated carefully to a more removed ground; then, after looking anew, hither and thither, uttered, coolly, "Well, it is a queer in-and-out, up-and-down kind of a place, to be sure." Unused in childhood to wander among Nature's charms, he was unprepared to appreciate them. Our *greatest* modern author, "take him for all in all," George Crabbe, confessed a similar indifference; yet, to natives, if worthy of the name, fine views are ever fresh.

"Scenes *must* be beautiful, which daily seen,  
Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
Long knowledge, and the scrutiny of years."

COWPER.

Return we to "Cornwall."

There is an accurate map of the County, preceding and explaining the localities depicted. The wood-cuts tower above all praise.

1st. "The Point near Land's End," called, "Tol Pedn Penwith, with other Projections on this wild coast." These rocks are giant cubes of granite, and look heaped on each other; forming, of old, vast grand cathedrals, now tottering to decay. 2nd. Near Moorwinstow, partly illustrating the county's peculiar geology. It is backed by a broken-edged range of hills, and a *taller*, biforked peak; but the plain, in front, is intersected with irregular and somewhat *deeply* cut lines! "through a *schist* of *what* material," we are not *informed*, but the granite still shows through." 3rd. Mount Bay, a rural landscape, with strong, yet *natural* effects of light and shade.

"4th. An island of granite, rising from *this* ocean of schistine earth; it stretches nearly from the river Fowey to St. Enoder in length, and from St. Austle to Roche in *breadth* Northward. A plain gabled house stands on its safest, most fitting site; and looks a part of the rock, fortuitously resembling a cottage, hollowed out, given doors and windows, to *pass* for one built with hands."

5th. Mount's Bay, between Falmouth and Land's End:—Again undulating distances, with some Parnassus, fit for nearly a cloudless heaven, and warm, soft, tepid, yet invigorating air. The western sea-breeze circulates, at gentle, generous liberty, and here in

"The Sweet South,  
Stealing and giving odours,"

ne'er are known—what we sicken to remember—in the *close* walks, four feet wide, hedged in by rank elders, pathed with black crippling coke cinders from the iron forges, and with ashes collected from the not-to-be analyzed dust-heaps before the hovels of the lowest poor. Nor, worse, and associated in our memories with even *more* loathsome

and fearful truths, the sultry, sluggish vapour from the green-mantled canal; *one* boundary to a flat field; in its centre a miniature *jungle*; its surface hidden by interknotted briars and unsavoury weeds; while o'er it, as in prying rage, darted a large lurid red Dragon-fly. *Deep* we had cause to know this dank hole was at the bottom; fed by no springs, but exudations from "the dungy Earth," and that ghastly hollow's *other* invisible secrets, by a supply of putrescent fluid—such as we shudderingly inhaled one burning summer noon, between a squalid Hamlet, Aston, and a decent village, Wrenbury, near Nantwyche, (Salt Pit,) that dirty little horde of Salt and Shoe-makers, and pretending Soul-menders, Methodists—wretches of the most *depraved* lives, and blasphemous language. But to return to our theme:—

"Cornwall is one of the most remarkable of the English counties, not only from its geographical position and mineral productions, but because it possesses features peculiarly its own, having little in common with the other territorial divisions of England, unless it be a part of Devonshire. Shores deeply indented, lashed by ever restless seas, secluded coves with extensive sands, precipitous headlands, beautiful and fertile valleys, sterile hills with granite peaks, extended wastes, and districts boasting a fertility surpassed nowhere in the island, scenery of the grandest description, as well as of the softest character—these are all distinguishing traits of the Cornish promontory. To the foregoing may be added, a mild and genial climate; a friendly and hospitable people; a remarkable geological structure; mining resources unequalled in the world, on the same extent of surface, affording traces of almost every mineral substance; the flora of a southern climate; exhaustless wealth in its own giant store-house—the ocean; antiquities belonging to the earlier history of the British people; and remnants of a language abounding in words derived from an eastern source, evidence of a remote intercourse with some of the more celebrated nations that now exist but in history. Such are, in brief, some of the causes which enhance the interest attaching to the southernmost county of England.

"The undulations of surface, and irregularities caused by the numerous headlands, afford every variety of aspect. On the northern coast the shores are precipitous, and the land rises into rocky and lofty cliffs, which go bluffly down into the ocean. When they do not dip down thus, they are bordered at low water with a narrow strip of sand. Vast drifts of sand are forced up by the fury of the Atlantic storms upon some parts of the north-western coast; hence, though there are but two harbours on that coast, except St. Ives, wherein a ship of 200 tons can enter, the entrances, even for vessels of this class, are rendered dangerous by sand-bars, upon which the sea breaks with tremendous violence.

"Turning from the coast to the inland part of the county, the surface is remarkably varied. The highest eminence does not exceed 1,400 feet, and yet there is no county in England where there is so little level ground: along the centre there is a ridge of hills, disconnected from those of Dartmoor, in Devonshire, by the deep valley through which the Tamar winds its serpentine course nearly from sea to sea. Nothing can be more sterile than the aspect of this district, covered with heath, and scarcely relieved by a few solitary furze bushes. Here and there, above the line of a desolate eminence, clad in brown scanty vegetation, appears a hill-top, called locally a *tor*, the apex of a ridge, jagged, and serrated by granite rocks. The space, called the Temple Moors, alone, lying in the sterile district between Bodmin and Launceston, is said to cover ten square miles, in one patch of barren and unreclaimed land. Then there are the mining districts, and others that are utter waste. The great mail-road to the west lies by Launceston through this

wild, and hence, naturally enough, strangers have conceived an idea of the county very different from the truth; and little calculated to support the assertion, that there are portions of Cornwall which no other part of England can equal in fertility of produce. Borlase states that, in his time, one Roberts, of Penzance, had 60 bushels of wheat to the acre. Eighty bushels of barley have been produced, and from 70 to 80 are constantly harvested near the Lizard.

"The variety of surface, and the action of the sea, contribute to impart to this portion of the island the charm of some of the most romantic and sublime scenery in the empire. Cornwall is the land of the wild, the picturesque, and the imaginative. Never could its prince, Arthur, be better located to become the delight of successive generations in all lands, the hero of a thousand tales, the immortal in romance. The air is soft and pure; there is the voluptuousness of the 'sweet south' at times in the atmosphere, tempered by Atlantic breezes; the heaths are various, and rich to a degree seen nowhere besides in England.

"The continuation of the Dartmoor chain of hills through Cornwall gradually subsides in elevation from 1,400 feet in the eastern, to 500 or 600 in the extreme western part of the county, except in one instance, where 800 is attained, about seven miles from the Land's End. From the northern and southern sides of this range the rivers descend: the most considerable flowing from the southern side. Brownwilly is the principal elevation in this range. It is marked by great irregularity of outline, the summit crested with granite rocks, and the sides covered with brown heather.

"The geology of Cornwall is a copious subject. The northern slope from the great central ridge of hills is bounded by the sea, terminating in cliffs, in some places of very considerable elevation, and, where these are not found, in sand-hills or beaches of the same material. From Moorwinstow to Boscastle, the formation which reposes against the granite of the central ridge of hills is a continuation of that which commences on the north coast of Devonshire, a little to the south of Barnstaple. In Cornwall, it may be pretty nearly defined by a line from Boscastle, through Lesnewth, north of St. Cleather, approximating to the west of Launceston, within a mile or two of that place; then, forming an angle, proceeding nearly due south almost to Lezant, and continuing in a line a little irregular to the right bank of the Tamar, that river becoming its boundary in Cornwall as far as Newbridge, where granite shows itself on Hengist Down. At South Hill, beyond Hengist Down, granite is again perceived rising through the schist. The formation thus alluded to as extending from the eastern limit of the county to Boscastle, and thence to Newbridge, belongs to the carbonaceous series of North Devon.

"Bounded by the Tamar, from Newbridge southwards to the Rame Head, except where red sandstone appears at Whitsun Bay and Cawsand, and porphyry, breaking through the same substance, at Redding Point in Plymouth Sound; extending also to the north-west from Newbridge to Boscastle, and along the southern shore from Boscastle to the west side of St. Ives Bay, the prevailing formation is grauwacke slates and grits. These rise from beneath the carbonaceous series of North Devon, or the clay-slate already mentioned as terminating between Boscastle and Newbridge, only to be succeeded by clay-slate differing a little from the former in character. This second variety of slates and grits, with argillaceous slates at Tintagel, and some of the finer kind in the De la Bole quarry, not far from that place, crosses the isthmus between St. Ives and Penzance in a curved line. It goes westward of the last-named town; passing near Ludgvan and bordering Mount's Bay, to about as far as Mousehole, where the granite formation commences, and includes the whole of the Land's End district, round by the west to St. Ives, forming a vast adamantine head or block, as if it were for resistance to the stormy waters of the northern Atlantic. Close to the back of the town of St. Ives itself, a narrow and small space of trappean rock appears, such as geolo-

gists associate with the grauwacke and carbonaceous series, or lighter clay-slate; and here and there it slightly shows itself towards St. Just. It must, however, be observed that in the line of the slate formation, on the west from Boscastle to St. Ives, trappean rocks appear occasionally, as near Pentire Point, for example. Blown sands occur on the east of Padstow harbour, in St. Enoder and Hell Bay, and near Dinas Head in St. Merrin, close to Trevoze Head; between Penhale Point and the Gannal; in St. Ives Bay, one of the most beautiful in the island, upon the eastern shore of which the sand accumulates in large hills.

"Following the southern shore of the county, from Mousehole to Marazion, in Mount's Bay, and from the latter place to Mullion Island in the Lizard promontory, with the intervention of trappean rocks over a small surface, the same slate formation generally prevails on the coast, until an elvan vein comes down to a breadth of granite, occurring opposite Germoe and Breage, and for some way inland in both these parishes; while on the sea shore, in Trevean Cove, and east of Trewavas Head, raised beaches are found. Nearly opposite Mullion Island the celebrated serpentine rocks of the Lizard commence, traversed at their commencement from north-east to south-west, by veins of hornblende and slate for a short distance, the same thing occurring also on the north of the formation as far as the sea-shore on the Helford side. These rocks are terminated on the south by the diallage species, between the hornblende and serpentine. Of this last and most beautiful of all rocks the remainder of the headland of the Lizard consists; except where a mass of hornblende and slate shows itself at Landewednack, the extreme southern point. The serpentine contains asbestos, and transverse veins of steatite or soap rock, a soft saponaceous substance, smooth and unctuous to the touch, very useful in making china. It is yellowish white, with variegated veins; the best approaches pure white in colour. From where the hornblende rock and slate, before mentioned, commence to the south of Helford, at which place a small mass of limestone in grauwacke appears, and proceeding northward along the shores of Falmouth harbour, round to St. Anthony's Point, and all the way from thence to the Rame Head, the same slate formation is found, even more uniformly than on the northern coast. In Veryan, limestone shows itself near the Nare Head; in this district, too, are conglomerates, serpentine and diallage. In Gorran, north-east of Gorran Haven, limestone in grauwacke occurs; and also more to the eastward, opposite Lanteglos, at Pencarra Head. The limestone of Talland Bay resembles that of Plymouth. A small mass of limestone in grauwacke occurs east of the entrance to the Looe River.

"Having thus followed the geological strata along the entire coast, it will be proper to give a mere outline of the appearance of the interior surface, in as concise a manner as possible. Let the reader imagine that part of the county, formed by the Tamar, and a line drawn from a little below Launceston towards Boscastle, belonging to the carbonaceous series of North Devon, to be omitted. This class presents little for observation; and in fact scarcely differs from that to the southward in its general character before the common observer, though to the geologist the distinction is important as marking a different date of formation. South of this boundary, then, and bordering upon a large elevated mass of granite that extends from near Camelford to St. Clare in its broadest part; and nearly from Alton to Cardinham, in another, trappean rocks occasionally come up, associated with the slate."

"The characteristic of this county generally is that of freedom from extremes of heat or cold. Myrtles may be seen along the entire southern coast, as at Looe, growing in the shrubberies close to the sea, but sheltered from the violence of the prevalent wind by the hills. There is no greater mistake, than to suppose the warm vicinity of the sea unfavourable to the vegetation of any but a very few peculiar trees and shrubs, since warmth is favourable

alike to animal and vegetable existence. The violence of the tempest in the direction of the prevalent winds, is seen in Cornwall by the shape of a few solitary trees exposed to them; which grow with an inclination towards the opposite direction from that whence the wind blows; and in that direction alone the foliage is observed to expand itself. In the valleys of Cornwall, where there is shelter from the west and south-west winds, the more delicate plants bloom in the open air; which is not more saline here than elsewhere. In the narrower part of the county, and on the lofty central land, the hedges, scanty of trees, make the stranger imagine that none will grow; while the valleys, in many places, present pictures of foliage no where surpassed in beauty. Nor is this a subject for wonder, when it is recollected with what fury the storms of winter sweep across the county, purifying the air, but violent enough to uproot the sturdiest oaks. So far from the sea being prejudicial to vegetation, corn ripens even upon the western cliffs, two hundred feet above the waves. At Penzance, close to the sea, in the narrowest part of the peninsula, there are florists whose gardens are unrivalled in the production of beautiful flowers and shrubs, grown in the open air. That vicinity is rich in what is exotic to the rest of England out of the greenhouse; and the same thing is observable near Falmouth. Even near St. Ives, a situation on the north more exposed than that of Penzance, in cottage gardens, wherever there is shelter, the fuchsia may be seen growing to five and six feet in height, without care, displaying in profusion its crimson pensile flowers; while the hydrangea is a plant of the shrubbery, attaining seven or eight feet in height, and twenty or more in circumference. The "*verbena triphyllia*," grows to an enormous size in the shrubbery. The geranium flowers in the summer, as well as the myrtle, after an exposure during the entire winter to the vicissitudes of the atmosphere. The great American aloe has flowered in three different places in the west of the county, all in the open air and near the sea. Some of the myrtles, trained against the fronts of the houses, reach above twenty feet in height; and in the shrubberies, attain from seven to ten. The bay grows to a considerable tree. The '*Sibthorpia Europæa*' here thrives in the garden during winter, and numerous other plants, which perish in common winters in the central counties of England. Here, too, grow wild the tamarisk, *erica vagans*, and several other rarities. The submarine plants are various and beautiful. Here cabbages are on the table in February; turnips by the end of March; brocoli, at Christmas; and green peas, the second week in May. The first crop of potatoes is often planted in November, and dug up in April, May, and June; and the second crop is put into the ground sometimes as late as the middle of July.

"The cause of all this arises out of the equable temperature of the climate. The winters are mild, and the summers cool; and both are more so in the western than in the eastern division of the county. The influence of the ocean in moderating excess of temperature, is thus remarkably obvious. There is not heat enough to ripen the grape, and barely the common kinds of wall-fruit; neither is there ice thick enough to bear a skater, more than two or three times in thirty or forty years."

"One Avery, a schoolmaster, who died in 1691, being of 'the eight,' having recovered some lost or abused benefaction, was honoured with a most flattering epitaph, still to be seen in the church. This epitaph is in triplets:—

"Near by this place interr'd does lie,  
One of 'the eight,' whose memory  
Will last and fragrant be to all posterity.  
He did revive the stock and store;  
He built the almshouse for the poor;  
Manag'd so well was the revenue ne'er before.

The church he loved and beautified,  
 His highest glory and his pride;  
 The sacred altar shows his private zeal beside.  
 A book he left, for all to view  
 The accounts which are both just and true,  
 His own discharge, and a good precedent for you.  
 Be silent then of him who's gone;  
 Touch not, I mean, an imperfection,  
 For he a pardon has from the Almighty throne.  
 Look to your ways, each to his trust;  
 That when you thus are laid in dust,  
 Your actions may appear as righteous and as just!"

*The Epicure's Almanac, for 1842.* How and Parsons, Fleet Street.

The Editor, of course, can neither praise nor blame this little work, or he *would* do the latter, on one account. It has been the worry of his life for months; with first, a heavy volume (not in its *nature*), to "see through the press," for a friend, superintending its splendid illustrations, to the cost of pilgrimages from Regent's Park to Kennington Cross. Then, with the abrupt undertaking of his present duties, which would have been most welcome, but for the still enduring fag, imposed by that "small Demon," the Almanac. May every reader like it *more* than its wearied writer *yet* can! except in its graphic embellishments; for, though the persecuted scribe gave *hints* for them, they were *executed* by clever Mr. Landells. A man may say a word also of his own *intents*. The author, then, hopes that he has made clear, even in a *Cookery* book, his sense of this truth. Comic writers should never forget that there are *higher* interests in life than those of *Fun*, which may easily be *trained to serve* these causes; or, at worst, should scrupulously avoid doing aught to *injure* them.

He does not consider that he did so, in exposing Wise Solomon's strange oblivion of the all-inclusive mandate, "Thou shalt do *No Murder!*" Had the luxurious "Jew King" remembered, or understood those words, he *could* not have written, as good counsel for his son, that an *inclination* for *overfeeding* ought to be baulked of its indulgence by sanguinary SUICIDE, to the unappetizing alarm and disgust of his Royal Highness's host, and all the princely *Cut-throat's* fellow-guests, Ladies included. Besides the ungrateful impoliteness of spoiling a Turkey carpet, and involving his ex-entertainer in the necessity for letting the body lay just where it fell, till the Coroner should decide whether or no sage fathers ever had "*mad*" sons! Then there would be the fuss of a State Funeral, still from this blameless "Ruler's" house; but we will pursue these dreary speculations no further!

On another Hebrew theme the Editor could not say *all*, in the Almanac. A brief anecdote he will give here on his friend W. E.'s "*JEW d'esprit*" therein, as to the extraordinary permissions and prohibitions in food, enjoined by the ancient Rabbis, cancelled for *us*, by Peter's Vision. Both Author and Editor repeat, that no right should tempt *them* to wound—even the educational prejudices of persons bred in a creed contrasting their own; but the passages that follow are now matters of History, and may be calmly discussed between liberal minds of all Creeds.

W. E. mentions a sensual, blaspheming coward, who called his verses "profane." Here is another fact, though we devoutly believe that our Church is burdened with *very few* such members as The Rev. Doctor Z., M.A., who though single could not tolerate being addressed as B.A.

Ellis called on a pompous, anti-almsgiving, rich clergyman, famed for his varied and profound *erudition*.

"Dr. Z." commenced the poet, bowing reverently, "will you permit me to gain some instruction from your known learning?"

"Speak freely, young man," answered the "*dignified*" Divine, with a forced smile; "most probably I *shall* be able to assist you."

"I am thankful, dear Sir, for your gracious promise. Two or three phrases, which I lately read, perplex me. You, all the world says, are our first-rate *Scriptural zoologist*."

"Why—a—sit, Sir! I *have* read, as much as *most* men, to *become* so."

"Then pray tell me, Doctor, what animals Moses implied by '*fowl* that went on *all four*?' by '*flying creepers*?' by those fowl which had '*legs growing under their feet*?' and those who '*having paws went on them*?'"

Wonder, rage, and contempt, heightened his scholarly hearer's complexion; but, by biting his lips, he kept these passions mute; thus gaining time, if not for thought, at least for assuming an air of stern, majestic gravity, as he uttered, in low, deep tones,—

"Mr. Ellis! though *scepticism*, which you call *free-thinking*, may be deemed wit, or a proof of superior *genius*, by yourself and associates—respect the presence of a spiritual teacher. No idle levity on sacred subjects in *this house*!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Walter earnestly, "I *live* but by my hopeful veneration of the *Christian* volume, and surely could not insult the Mosaic laws, by just *quoting* them."

"Quoting!" repeated Z., with an angry sneer, "Hoaxes, as I think you term these experiments, are, I dare say, fine *sport* for ATHEISTS; but *here* your aim fails. When *we* either cite a passage *thence*, or are called on to believe some monstrosity as authentic, we, Sir, always add ourselves, and *insist* on, from the would-be wag, those *rather* essential aids to demonstration—*chapter and verse*!"

He paused; triumphant pride now curling his lip; but W. E., with the simplest quietude, rejoined,—

"My memory is not good for retaining *figures*, Sir, so I set down *all that* on this paper, if you will deign to *look* at it."

Z.'s hand trembled, as, with a blank visage, he complied, and beheld the words, for him—

"Too faintly writ to have such foul intent."

"Fowls that creep, going on all fours." *Leviticus*, chap. 4, verse 20.

"Every flying creeping thing that goeth upon all four, which have legs *above* their feet, to leap withal." Verse 21.

"Whatsoever goeth upon his *paws*" (fowl too?) "is unclean." Verse 27.

"Something like it in Numbers."

"We shall *see*," stammeringly panted Z. "In the multiplicity of

studies—duties—I—besides—how many races—then common, now extinct? 'Tis the *animus*, your obvious zeal for turning the *whole Book* into *derision*; to insult me; but, on your hopeless death-bed, you will repent this trick, too late, in vain. Lost sinner! quit my roof for ever!"

Now Z. *must* have perused the words for which he ignorantly *d*—*d* a sincerely pious Minstrel; but Z., from habitually contenting himself with *words*, never sought for *meanings*, and from "the malady of *not marking*," had quite forgotten what it was his *DUTY* to know.

We will finish our notice by a specimen of the Embellishments.



A BROIL.



A WELSH RABBIT.



COW HEEL.



WANTS STUFFING.



A PENDANT JACK.



STILT-ON.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

HER Majesty, we exult to say, is in the enjoyment of excellent health. The infant Prince and Princess are both thriving. The Royal Mother, and her Consort, evince the affection of youthful parents with a sincerity which must, more than ever, endear them to a domestic people.

The convalescence of Queen Adelaide is slowly, but, we sincerely hope,—surely progressing. It is the Queen Dowager's intention to remove as soon as her strength will permit from Sudbury Hall to the milder air of Hastings.

Preparations are making at Windsor, upon a scale of magnificence never surpassed, for the august ceremony of the Christening of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.

The King of Prussia, it is confidently stated, will visit this country, upon the occasion, as one of the Royal Godfathers.

The Warspite, a fifty-gun ship, commanded by Lord John Hay, is appointed to convey His Majesty to these shores, and her cabins have been fitted up in splendid style for the reception of the "Illustrious Stranger." We hope that his Majesty may be spared the horrors of sea-sickness, or he may be tempted to exclaim in German what the Irish schoolmaster did on crossing the Channel, "I've often heard that Britannia rules the waves—I wish, at this present writing, she would rule 'em a little straighter."

Court Gossip has bestowed the names of Albert Edward, on the Infant. We hope that Her Majesty will graciously allow the English name to precede that of her Royal Husband. And this we say with every possible respect and affection to the amiable Prince Consort.

The official inquiry instituted in consequence of the late destructive fire at the Tower has been brought to a close, when it appears that although no evidence has arisen to prove the origin of the calamity the work of an incendiary, it is admitted "that it might have been the work of one after all." We hope that the suggestions for the better watching, and the necessity of an instant command of water, &c. &c., will be carried into effect.

A Gazette, dated Whitehall, December 4th, contains the following notification from our beloved Monarch:—

"The Queen has been pleased to order letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, for creating his Royal Highness the Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland (Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland) Prince of Wales, and Earl of Chester."

The Exchequer Bill affair has ended in the transportation, for life, of *one* of the persons engaged in it. The wretched Beaumont Smith is doomed to exile; and his respectable connexions plunged into distress, and covered with disgrace, by his conduct. The affair is still wrapped in deep mystery. We quote the following observations on the subject,

from the "*Britannia*," a paper that does honour to the cause it supports, and the principles it advocates.

"But the public required, and still require, some further knowledge of the performance—some slight notice of the principals—some little insight into the game of the parties. Were there but two? Mr. B. Smith pleads guilty, and no questions, of course, can be asked of him in Court. Mr. Rapallo is admitted Queen's evidence, as we understand—and, of course, we hear no more of him. Thus, with one witness who will say nothing, and another of whom nothing is said, the matter drops. But ought it so to drop? If there were other parties—and it is scarcely possible to doubt that there were—who are they, and where are they? Thus the matter stands, but ought it thus to stand?"

We observe, with regret, that Charles Scott, Esq., second son of the late Sir Walter, expired at Teheran. This gentleman, who was attached to the embassy of Sir J. M'Neil, had been for some time indisposed; a tedious and fatiguing journey induced fever, which terminated fatally.

It is not, we believe, yet decided who will be decorated with the Blue ribband now at her Majesty's disposal as Sovereign of the Noble Order of the Garter. The vacancy occurs in consequence of the demise of the Earl of Westmoreland. The Dukes of Beaufort and Buckingham, the Earl de Grey, are the noblemen named as candidates.

Accidents, by railroad travelling, have of late been so frequent, that unless the Legislature speedily enact some rigid regulations, connected with this mode of conveyance, it will be considered as bordering on madness, or a predisposition to suicide, for any person wilfully to hazard the perils attendant on such journeying. The newspapers daily record some frightful disaster. The recent awful catastrophe, in the neighbourhood of Reading, exceeds, in extent of loss of life and limb, any of the accounts yet received. It is true, that the accident is not to be attributed to any defect in the mechanism of the locomotive engines, or in the absolute "laying down" of the rails; it has been caused by an enormous mass of earth falling in from the side of one of the cuttings; now, as these *cuttings-up* of fair Nature's face did not exist till the March of Improvement in Speed commenced, it was the imperative duty of all parties concerned in making these inroads, to ascertain that this was done upon a principle of security against mischief.

The Seasons' change, the alternations of rain and frost, as affecting newly piled or loose strata of earth, deserved more attention than it appears was given; and what are the results of this negligence? nearly forty persons are suddenly overwhelmed, eight are killed upon the spot, and a large proportion of the remainder so maimed and disabled, that many will never again pursue their lawful avocations.

We are old enough to remember the absurd mania for Canal-ing, and its ruinous consequences, as far as capital was concerned. We predict that the Railway fever will ere long subside, and the symptoms of regenerated health will be the sight of those comfortable and safe conveyances, Mail and Stage coaches, to say nothing of

"Neat Post-chaises and careful drivers,"

once more rolling over the beautiful Turnpike roads of England.

The Records of "Action for Libel" scarcely contain a more remarkable case than one tried before Lord Chief Justice Tindal in the Court of Common Pleas, on the 21st instant, wherein Pisani, a Turkish Dragoman, was plaintiff and the proprietors of "The Times" newspaper defendants. It appears that the columns of the "Leading Journal," contained a letter from "a correspondent at Constantinople," animadverting on the conduct of Mr. or Signor Pisani, in the exercise of his official duties connected with the British Embassy to the Porte, and these comments were the ground of complaint. The cause of the Dragoman was eloquently advocated by the Attorney General, "with whom," to use a law phrase, were Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, Messrs. Smith and Byles; but the luminous statement of the Solicitor General in defence, setting forth that no personal vilification was intended, and that the observations which had appeared in "The Times," applied to *all* the Dragomans at Constantinople, and not especially to the plaintiff, had such an effect upon the jury that they returned a verdict for the alleged libellers.

We have mentioned this extraordinary case in proof of the estimation felt for our laws by foreigners, and remember as a crowning instance, that Buonaparte, when First Consul, brought an action for Defamation of Character, against one of the London periodicals, for observations made on his conduct as connected with the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and the mysterious death of a British subject in the prison of the Temple.

Surely the Citizen Consul ought to have instituted proceedings against the publisher of Gilray's unrivalled political caricatures, for certes they were anything but complimentary to the Corsican.

At a late Conservative Festival at Norwich, the Marquis of Douro took the occasion of returning thanks, for the enthusiastic manner in which the health of his father had been received, to assure the assemblage that his Grace was in the enjoyment of better health at present than for many past years, and as the Duke had declined office, he was spared from the anxieties connected with such duties, though wherever his attention was required it was given with the same zeal and patriotism that he had for so many years exerted.

In the early part of the month the vicinity of Windsor was flooded to an alarming extent. For the last quarter of a century the water has not made such terrible inroads. The cellars at Eton were filled—the embankment in the Home Park partially destroyed, and the lower road from Egham rendered perfectly impassable. Boats were employed for many days conveying people across the Park. The neighbourhoods of Tooting, Mitcham, and Carshalton have also been lamentably devastated by inundations. Many of the lowland counties were fearfully flooded, and the loss of property has we hear fallen severely on the humbler classes.

We rejoice to find that Messrs. Peto and Grissell have succeeded in employing a sufficient number of masons to complete their extensive contracts; and have thus triumphed over the refractory Unionists, who, for so long a period, held out in open opposition to

the will of their masters. The men have long been supported in idleness by the Combination Clubs. How much longer the funds of these societies will continue to supply them with means, remains to be proved.

In excavating the foundations for the new Royal Exchange, the workmen encountered what had originally been a gravel pit, but filled with rubbish from the houses then existing near it. Not only were vast quantities of bones, and vegetable matter found, but objects of considerable interest, such as sandals, shoes, implements of cutlery, and weaving instruments, all affording ample opportunities for the cogitations of the Antiquary. Coins of Domitian, Severus, and Vespasian, with many of more recent date, were also brought to light, tending to prove that portion of the city to have formed part of what we may fairly denominate *Roman London*.

### FINE ARTS, EXHIBITIONS, &c.

THE invaluable collection of drawings, consisting of one hundred and fifty subjects, by Raffaele, and sixty by Michael Angelo (made by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, at a vast outlay, and with his well-known judgment,) we lament to hear is likely to be lost to this country. A negotiation with the Trustees of the National Gallery having failed, many of these gems have been already purchased by the King of Holland. In order to avert their further dispersion, a meeting was held at Oxford, in the hope of obtaining, by subscription, the sum at which they are valued, no less than ten thousand pounds; upwards of one thousand were *immediately advanced*; and hopes are entertained, that by the prompt exertions of some of the leading Patrons of Art, England may not suffer the stain of allowing these inestimable specimens to become the property of foreigners.

### EGYPTIAN HALL.

As an additional attraction to his interesting gallery of Indian Curiosities, Mr. Catlin has lately added a model of the Falls of Niagara, and the adjacent country. The model is finished in a most elaborate manner; the minutest features are given with extraordinary fidelity; every village, farm, orchard, nay, even solitary dwelling, is distinctly placed beneath the eye of the spectator, whilst the marvellous manner in which the Falls are represented, with their clouds of rising spray, give to the whole the air of illusion. When we add, that each tree is distinguished by its peculiar foliage, the reader may imagine the labour attendant on the formation of this ingenious and beautiful work of art. Mr. Catlin obligingly attends during certain hours of the day, and explains the various peculiarities of the scene he has so faithfully represented.

### THE MISSOURIUM.

We have long been aware that Nature, in her most sublime and stupendous characteristics, is to be seen in America. Her vast forests,

her huge lakes, her rivers of many thousand miles in extent, all tend to this conviction. But a recent discovery made by Mr. Albert Koch, on the shores of the "Pomme de Terre" river, flowing into the Osage, in the State of Missouri, proves that her Antediluvian remains are upon the same grand scale.

The skeleton of a prodigious animal, fifteen feet in height, and thirty-two feet in length, the head being six, carrying a pair of tusks ten feet long, deposited in the skull to the depth of fifteen inches, may now be seen in Piccadilly.

This Monster of the Old World, though discovered in what we moderns term the *New*, differs in many respects from the Mastodon, and other extraordinary relics. Mr. Koch deserves great commendation for the care he has bestowed in order to afford the scientific world an opportunity of looking on one of the most marvellous productions of the Creator.

The collection of Fossils exhibited with the singular skeleton prove Mr. Koch a man of deep and praiseworthy research.

#### THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.—Miss Adelaide Kemble's performance of *Norma* has continued to increase in attraction each night of repetition. Crowded and fashionable audiences have testified their delight at this young lady's marvellous powers of song. The Opera was produced with that attention to scenery, costume, and other accessories to which the present management devote so much attention, and for which they have been so judiciously eulogised.

Mr. Peake's very agreeable and ingenious adaptation, called *Court and City*, alternated nightly, with Bellini's Opera, and afforded favourable opportunities for the display of comic powers possessed by Mr. and Mrs. Matthews.

Early in the month, a divertissement, called *The Wooden Leg*, displayed some graceful dancing by Gilbert, and Miss Ballin, assisted by a numerous muster of the Corps de Ballet. This, and the revival of *Charles the 12th*, in which Farren personated the Mad Swede with his accustomed excellence, and Harley was as mercurial as ever, are proofs of an anxiety to cater for public amusement during the most dreary portion of the year, highly commendable.

We shall not be able to afford time to speak of the new Pantomime produced at this Theatre so fully as it deserves, but perforce content ourselves with saying, that the magic pencils of the Messrs. Grieves were never used more successfully. The series of enchanting landscapes follow one another so rapidly, that our admiration of one lovely subject has hardly found words to give utterance to our delight, ere another appears rivalling its predecessor in beauty, splendour, and fidelity.

Of the costumes, it is sufficient to say, that they receive the tasteful superintendence of Mr. Planché; his name is a sufficient guarantee for their correctness, whether as regards the robes of an Emperor, or the humble garb of a wandering mendicant.

The medallion portraits of the Kemble family were introduced with

great *tact* and good taste. From the likeness of "Glorious John" to the "counterfeit presentment" of our popular Prima Donna, all were cheered with an enthusiasm sufficient to mark the admiration which is so justly the meed of individuals who have so long contributed to the harmless pleasures of the public. 'Tis true that some of these bright stars are set for ever,—but we trust the homage paid to the memory of these, will prove a proud stimulus to the youthful scion of the house now occupying so much attention.

DRURY LANE.—It is now our pleasing duty to record an event fraught with the deepest interest to all those who feel desirous to uphold our national Drama. Truly rejoiced were we when first we learnt that the splendid Temple, so long desecrated by Bunn and his beasts, then converted into a cheap music room, was likely again to rise, not Phœnix-wise from ashes, but from the slough of degradation into which it had been plunged by those, who, in fact, should never have had the power or opportunity of sinking a noble property down to the very dregs of all that could be nauseous and disgusting. It was sufficient for us to know that Macready was the Hercules who had undertaken to cleanse this Augean stable, to be assured that his labours would be crowned with triumph.

Our most sanguine expectations, as far as it is possible to judge so immediately upon the commencement of the campaign, are realized. Old Drury is again restored to her former glory! Of the accumulated filth of past seasons, not a vestige remains. All is bright, and beautiful, the very atmosphere is changed. The Master Mind is everywhere evident. The assemblage on Monday evening convinced us how many like ourselves hailed this regeneration! Not only did rank and fashion give their willing support, but we were proud to notice many of our most celebrated poets, painters, authors and artists, congregated to uphold the new Manager in the noble, but arduous duty he has imposed upon himself.

The National Anthem was sung previous to the rising of the curtain; it was received right loyally, and admirably executed by those justly popular vocalists, Phillips, Allan, and Giubelei, Mesdames Romer, Gould, and Poole. This homage to our monarch ended, a universal call for Macready re-echoed till the roof rang with his name. He appeared, and, surely, he must have been well pleased at the enthusiastic reception afforded him. Everybody rose to bid him be of good cheer. Plaudits long and loud, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs greeted him as he stepped forth in the gaberdine of the Venetian Jew, to acknowledge these unmistakeable tokens of sympathy and admiration.

We should desire no more pleasing employment than minutely to describe every feature of this memorable evening's performance, but no Demons are so insatiate as Printer's Devils, and we have three now waiting at our study door, one whistling "Jim along Josey," our most favourite aversion, and the other two joining in the Horse Leach's Daughter's duet of "Give! Give!!"

Yet, in despite of these croaking cormorants, we must mention what is technically called the "getting up" of this play, in terms of unqualified praise. The Council chamber of the Doge, in which the trial takes place, was as perfect a picture as the most fastidious critic could

desire. The gorgeous emblazonry upon the walls, all speaking of the City of Islands in her high and palmy state, the mixture of Gothic and Arabesque architecture visible throughout this spacious chamber, to say nothing of the grouping of the characters, rendered this as perfect a *tableaux* as the eye could rest on. The splendid villa of Portia, with all the *agremens* of refined taste breathing about it, was well contrasted by the dark and Israelitish tone that pervaded the dwelling of the Jew.

Of Mr. Macready's personation, we shall not now speak, but hope to do so at full next month. Mr. Hudson has within him the elements of light comedy. It would be unjust and ungenerous to test his merits by a first appearance before a somewhat excited audience. Mr. Elton played *Lorenzo*. The song usually introduced by the character was omitted by this gentleman. Having a vivid remembrance of his harmonious powers as exhibited "for one night only," when he enacted *Rizzio*, we did not lament the change. Gallantry forbid we should omit to make mention of the ladies. Mrs. Warner played *Portia*, and elicited considerable applause by her judicious readings; more especially in that portion of the play, where she assumes the habit of the "Special Pleader," and discomforts the blood-thirsty *Shylock* by her exposition of the laws. Mrs. Keeley was the *Nerissa*, and threw into the character that naïve archness, which she possesses in so eminent a degree. To hear the divine language of Shakspeare as delivered by this charming actress, convinces us that she is now in her proper sphere. We are more than half inclined to believe that *somebody else* must have played *Jack Sheppard*, though whoever that somebody may be, it was very cleverly done.

The *Jessica* of Miss E. Phillips was, if any thing, too subdued; more like an English gentlewoman than a Hebrew maid, who robs and then leaves a fond father, to unite her fortunes with one of opposite creed.

Other and imperious duties compelled us to leave the house before the commencement of the Pantomime, but as it will doubtless have a run of many nights, we shall have an opportunity of naming it in our next.

HAYMARKET.—The natural and powerful acting of Wallack, the grace and pathos of Miss Helen Faucit, with the fascinations of Celeste, (what a felicitous name,) the judicious and ever-pleasing personations of Mr. Webster—these, supported by a host of subordinate talent, have succeeded in filling "the little Theatre" nightly, to the no small satisfaction of the *little* Treasurer, worthy Mr. Carter.

We have not yet been able to witness the Christmas novelty, called the *World of Dreams*, but have heard that it is redolent of fun, and that Mr. David Rees appears to have invested himself in the mantle of the late John Reeve. Higher praise can hardly be awarded him.

ADELPHI.—"The indefatigable Mr. Yates" afforded his visitors an attractive bill of fare on Boxing night; our attempt to witness the performance was frustrated by the information of the door-keepers, that the house was so crammed, it were vain to attempt an entrance.

